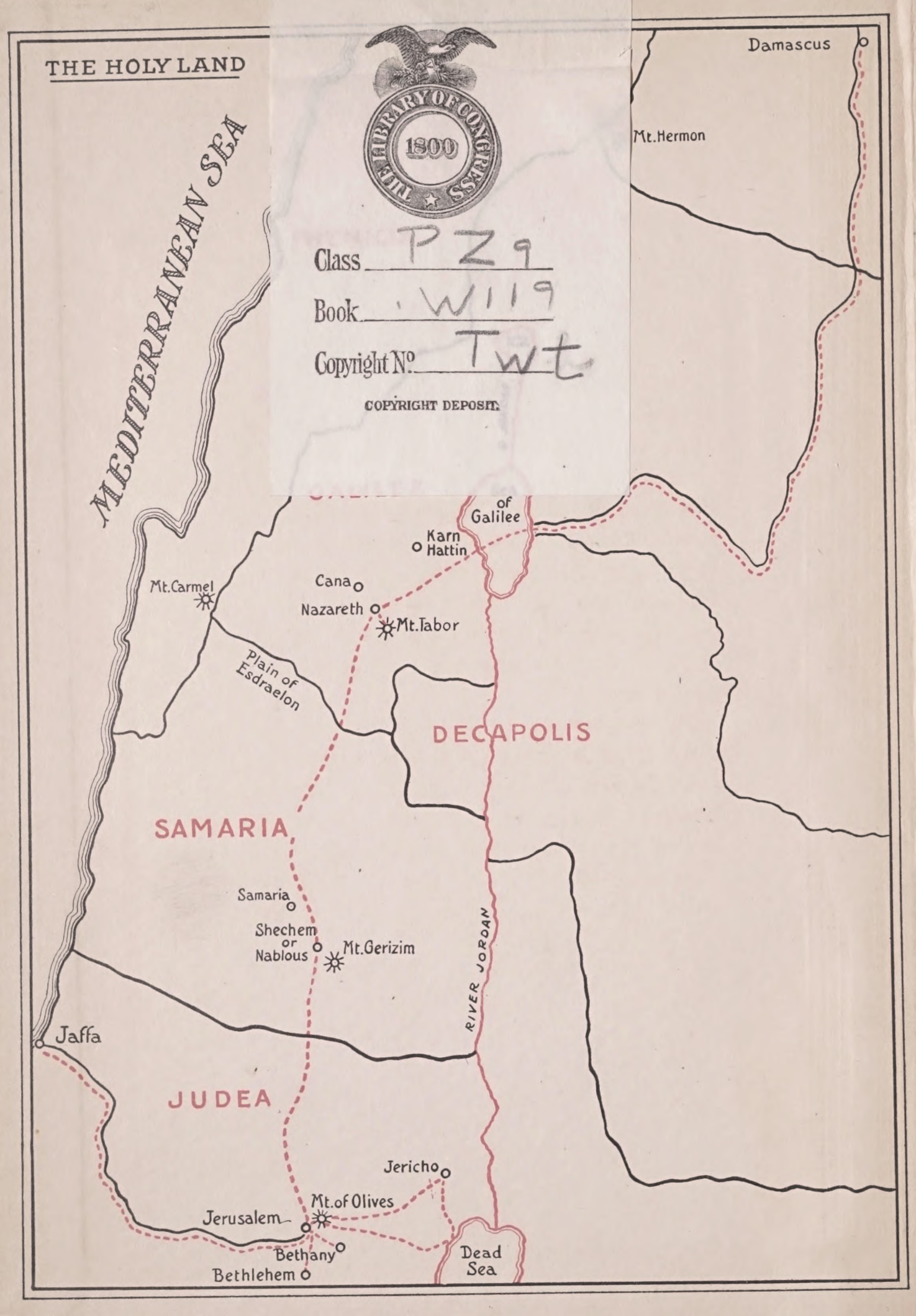
TWIN TRAVELERS IN THE HOLY LAND

MARY H. WADE



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THE TWINS, wide-awake American boy and girl of twelve years, made the most of their wealthy uncle and aunt's invitation to accompany them on a trip through the Holy Land. The journey proved a delight from beginning to end. Reaching this historic land by steamer through the blue Mediterranean, they landed at Jaffa, built on the foundations of the ancient city of Joppa, and then visited Jerusalem and its surrounding villages, rich in memories of Christ's days on earth and in busy, picturesque Eastern life of the present day.

A long horseback and camping trip then took them northward to beautiful Galilee through the Old Testament country, and they ended their explorations at Damascus, having seen the Holy Land almost "from Dan to Beersheba," which is another way of saying "from end to end."

TWIN TRAVELERS IN THE HOLY LAND

"'IT IS BETTER TO RIDE TO BETHLEHEM DONKEY BACK'"

TWIN TRAVELERS IN THE HOLY LAND

BY

MARY H. WADE

Author of "Twin Travelers in South America," "Light-Bringers," "The Little Cousin Series," etc.

WITH A FRONTISPIECE IN COLOR AND EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

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CHAPTER I

ON THE WAY

"IT'S all so wonderful it doesn't seem as if it could be true."

As Lucy spoke, there was a sudden lurch of the steamer and she had to clutch hold of the rail to keep from falling backwards. Then, with a smile that made her dimples show deep in her cheeks, she went on:

"Aunt Nell, you are the dearest auntie in the world, and Uncle Ben is the dearest uncle, to bring us twins with you on this lovely voyage.

"Why, just think of it!" The little girl spoke excitedly now. "After a year of adventures in South America and then the home visit to New York with Mummie to see Grandma and the other dear folks there, for Joe and me to come with you on this new journey to the Holy Land, which must be the best of all places to visit, is simply glorious!" The last words fairly tumbled over each other.

"I wish your dear mother could have come too; but, of course, she had to go back to keep your father company in Rio. It was hard enough for him to spare you all for the home visit. His letters showed that he was very lonely."

Mrs. Andrews spoke regretfully. Mrs. Grayson, the twins' mother, was her only sister, and she loved her deeply. The two had never been far apart till Mr. Grayson had gone to Brazil the year before to engage in the export of coffee, and had taken his family with him.

"Dear Daddy! It was awfully good in him to let us come with you. How the telegrams flew back and forth while he and Mummie were deciding what to do! It didn't take long, though. And after that Mummie sailed south to join Daddy in Rio, while we started on our voyage across the Atlantic." At this, the little girl gave her aunt one of the love-pats which her mother was perhaps wishing for that very moment.

Just then a boy's voice sounded behind Lucy so suddenly that she started. It was her brother Joe, whose eyes were dancing with fun, as in fact they were a good deal of the time. Close behind him was his uncle. "You folks are missing a heap while you sit there talking," cried the boy. "Lucy, you must have forgotten what the Captain told us at breakfast, that we are fast leaving the New World behind us, and are about to enter the Old World. Just look

ahead! Do you see those faint lines? The highland coast of Spain is at our left. We shall sail close along the shore, and almost before we know it we will reach Tarifa; and soon after that, the mightiest fortress in the world will be before us. Hurrah for Gibraltar!"

Not long after passing Tarifa, Joe, who had gone with his uncle to the bow of the ship, came hurrying back to his aunt and sister to call their attention to a tall tower he had discovered on the rocky Spanish coast.

"It's sixty feet high and round all the way up!" he cried. "Gee! I'd like to go to the top of that tower."

"Look! there's another, and away off ahead of us, another yet," said Lucy, clapping her hands at her discovery.

"We shall find them at intervals along the shore until we reach the great fortress you are so anxious to see," replied her uncle. "But when that is once before us I guess we shall forget everything else."

Mr. Andrews spoke as eagerly as a boy. Many hard years of business were behind him, and now that he had started out on his first long vacation, he entered into it with his whole heart.

"And there it is!" he exclaimed a while afterwards. "Gibraltar the mighty! Gibraltar the unconquerable!"

Straining their eyes in the light of the fast-setting

sun, the party saw in the distance a gigantic rock-mountain rising up from the water's edge and shaped somewhat like a huge pyramid. So high it reached, it seemed to touch the sky.

On the ship steamed through the waters of the strait. And now the watchers on deck discovered that a tiny town nestled at the base of the fortress.

"If we stopped there we could find stores filled with curios to sell the travelers who visit the place, and no doubt we should meet many British soldiers from the garrison stationed there," Mr. Andrews told the children.

"I doubt if I should buy anything, though. I would prefer to wait till I reached Palestine before making purchases to take home," said his wife.

"Joe, I can guess what you would like to bring away as a souvenir," Mr. Andrews laughed mischievously.

"What?" The boy looked up at his uncle with eyes full of curiosity.

"A monkey."

"A *monkey* from the *fortress of Gibraltar?*"

"Yes, one of our fellow passengers who has been there told me that monkeys climb up and down the sides of the cliff all day long. We are too far from shore to see them, even with our opera glasses. Furthermore, you will all be interested to know that on the summit of Gibraltar, and from openings in its sides, big guns are standing with their noses pointed

out towards us, and if our ship were that of a dangerous enemy——"

"Then whizz, bang!" Joe broke in. "Without a moment's notice we might all be blown into specks of dust, and that would be the end of us."

"But the world of to-day is a peaceful one," Mr. Andrews went on seriously, "and the warfare of old times is not likely to occur again."

Little did the kind man dream that in a few more years the most terrible war in history would take place.

"There is something else we would discover about Gibraltar if we explored it," said Mr. Andrews while all gave it a parting look. "That massive rock is actually honeycombed with galleries, and inside of them are kept such large stores of ammunition and provisions that the garrison could hold the fortress for years against attack without help from the outside world."

CHAPTER II

COMING INTO PORT

"THE Mediterranean is the most beautiful body of water I ever looked upon."

As Mrs. Andrews spoke she feasted her eyes on the calm, deep-blue sea through which the ship was sailing.

"It seems so warm and loving I am almost tempted to jump overboard every time I stand watching it," said Lucy dreamily.

"You'd better resist the temptation," said Joe, who had come up in time to hear the last remark. "Lucy Grayson, you are no mermaid. You can't swim twenty strokes without getting out of breath."

For answer Lucy only tossed her head. Then, changing the subject, she said, "I shall never, *never* forget the sunsets on the Mediterranean, Aunt Nell. They have made me feel as if the gates of heaven were opening before us."

"And I shall never forget the beautiful islands of the Ægean sea," said Mrs. Andrews.

"Just now," said Joe, darting toward the rail and scanning the horizon, "I'm thinking of what is ahead

of us. Here you folks are talking as calmly as anything, when the Holy Land is actually in sight."

The lad pointed to a faint blue line in the distance. "I want to shout for joy," he exclaimed.

"I don't want to shout," Lucy whispered to her aunt. "It makes me feel queer and sort of trembly inside to think that we will soon be in the country where Jesus was born and where He taught and worked miracles."

"And where He took little children in His arms and blessed them," Mrs. Andrews answered tenderly.

Mrs. Andrews had no children of her own. It was because of this that the twins were particularly precious to her husband and herself.

"We are fortunate in being able to have Joe and Lucy go with us," he had told his wife more than once since they left home. "We can enjoy everything twice as much in having their lively company."

Just now he broke into a merry laugh as Joe called out, "Uncle Ben, I'm awfully glad you are a Sunday School superintendent. If it hadn't been for that you might not have decided to begin your vacation in Palestine."

By this time the blue line of distant hills was deeper and more distinct, and below the travelers could be seen a bold, rocky reef stretching out close to the shore, and parallel with it.

"Ah!" cried Mrs. Andrews as she discovered it.

"According to the old Greek myth that reef must be the petrified dragon that was about to devour Andromeda when she was chained through the jealousy of the sea nymphs to the rocks beyond. The brave Perseus rescued her, I remember."

"And of course the two then married and lived happy together ever after," said Mr. Andrews with a laugh.

"Yes, and Andromeda lived in the city of Joppa on the mainland beyond that reef," continued his wife gayly. "Moreover when she died, the gods gave her a place among the stars, and there she can still be seen, shining down upon us mortals."

And then the talk stopped, as the steamer was rapidly nearing the port of Joppa, or Jaffa as it is called now-a-days. Already the travelers could see its beach of yellow sand gleaming in the sunlight, and its flat-topped stone houses, its waving palm trees, and the dark-leaved orange groves stretching along the shores beyond it.

The anchor splashed into the water and the big chain rattled noisily after it, and the ship swung to when still well out from land; and as the whistle sounded all passengers who were not going farther prepared to go ashore.

Then, as if by magic, Joe and Lucy saw that the steamer was almost surrounded by large, clumsy looking rowboats, the shouts of whose owners almost deafened them. Already a group of sailors

was letting down the gang plank with a small platform at the bottom.

As Mr. Andrews motioned to one of the boatmen below that he would hire him for the passage to shore, the ship gave a big roll and Lucy and her aunt almost fell over. Mr. Andrews seized his wife's arm while Joe steadied his sister.

"Uncle Ben, if the ship is going to act this way," said Lucy fearfully, "I never, never can go down that gang plank and get into the boat. Suppose I slipped and fell overboard, and a shark should get me."

"It's a heap more fun than landing in the commonplace fashion we are used to," chuckled Joe, in great glee. "I'm glad, for one, that Jaffa hasn't anything one can call a harbor, and the ship is obliged to stay outside the reef."

"You might not be so glad if there were a storm and we could make no landing at all, but had to go on to Haifa," said Mr. Andrews. "But to-day is so calm that you need have no fear, Lucy. Just watch that lady going down the gangway, and see how skillfully the dark-skinned boatman reaches up his arms to her and places her in the boat."

"But suppose——" Lucy got no further, for again the steamer rolled so that even Joe staggered backwards.

"Suppose we get ready for the venture," said her uncle smiling. He motioned to a steward, who came

hurrying up, seized the hand luggage, dashed down the gang plank with it, and having given it into the keeping of the boatman Mr. Andrews pointed out, returned to guide Lucy and her aunt along what seemed to both of them a path of danger.

"Oh!" gasped the little girl as she settled herself on the seat of the rowboat where she had been placed by the strong arms of its owner. The roses were quite gone from her face, and even her dimples were in hiding.

"Auntie dear," she whispered later on as the boat made its way inland, "when the ship lifted up just as the porter was handing me down, and that boatman's arm seemed so very, very far away, I imagined a big shark all ready to grab me. It was just dreadful."

"But here we are perfectly safe," said Mrs. Andrews whose own face was white, "and I must confess, I'm relieved."

Joe, sitting beside his uncle at the other end of the boat, was still laughing over the "lark," as he called it. At the same time he was busy watching the boatmen as the long strokes of their oars brought the party nearer and nearer to land.

In a short time the boat reached the opening into the narrow waterway stretching between the reef and the mainland. The men stopped rowing and looked about, waiting for a high inrolling wave. Ah! here it came! Only a few minutes more and the boat

was lying in the shallow water close to shore. The men sprang overboard, seized one after another of their passengers in turn, and landed them on the steps of the dock.

Lucy, as well as her brother, enjoyed this odd entrance into the Holy Land.

"I couldn't be serious as I expected to be," she afterwards confided to Joe. "It was all so different from what I expected."

"I shall never forget how Aunt Nell looked in that boatman's arms," said her brother. "She is so tiny, she seemed like a little doll."

"And Uncle Ben is so tall, his legs dangled down almost into the water," said Lucy, laughing till the tears ran down her cheeks.

As the travelers climbed the steps of the landing they were almost deafened by the cries of "Backsheesh" that filled the air.

"I fancy we will hear that cry wherever we go in Palestine," Mr. Andrews said rather sadly, "because everywhere we shall meet beggars."

As he spoke, he tossed a coin into the hands of an old ragged Arab. Seeing it, other beggars crowded around him, so he could scarcely make places for his wife and the twins to keep beside him.

"That was a bad mistake on my part," he managed to say to Joe. "I will know better hereafter."

Then, after having their papers and baggage examined at the custom house, he beckoned to a porter,

a young Armenian, and gave him the address of a hotel to which he had been recommended by a fellow passenger. It was not far from the landing, and the travelers could walk there in a few minutes.

"How queer everything is!" said Lucy, as holding her brother's arm tightly, she fell back with him behind their uncle and aunt.

"Whew! I should say so!" was the reply. "No streets, only dirty crooked lanes, and mud and filth everywhere. But it can't be so bad when one is riding donkey back or horseback. And that is probably what we'll do most of the time."

"Oh Joe! Look at that!" Lucy pointed to a baby lying beside the gutter. The baby wore only a dirty slip of cloth, and flies were swarming around its head and bare legs. The little one's eyes were lazily following the play of two girls who were leaping back and forth across the ditch.

"Bad enough!" said Joe. "But while you look at that baby, you are missing all the strange people we are passing. The man ahead of us must be a Turkish policeman. Notice his fez and long beard. He looks ugly."

"Sh, Joe! He mustn't hear what we say. But do you know, I wish it were right to *hate* the Turks. Uncle Ben told me this country would be very different if the Turks didn't rule over it. If Christians owned it, I don't doubt we would be walking this very minute along a clean, paved street."

As Lucy spoke, two Bedouins with long beards passed the twins. They were tall and thin, with dark, olive skins. Wide capes of goats'-hair cloth hung around their shoulders. The tops of the men's heads were covered with white cloths that hung down behind. Ropes made out of camels' hair were wound around their heads to keep the cloths in place. The men were talking to each other in a strange tongue.

"Bedouins only feel at home in the desert, I suppose," said Joe after the men had passed by. "I have always pictured them to myself as resting beside their camels or flocks of sheep in an oasis."

"They looked at us pretty sharply," replied Lucy. "Perhaps they never saw twins before—United States twins, anyway."

At this both children laughed and hastened to join their uncle, who had beckoned to them.

"I want you to notice the countryman walking beside his donkey," he said. "That must be a sack filled with fruit or grain which the poor beastie has on its back."

As Mr. Andrews spoke, another porter appeared. He was dressed in a long blue robe like a bathgown, with wide white trousers showing below; on his back was a goatskin filled with water.

"By the way the bag bulges out—so evenly, too—I'm going to guess it is filled with water," ventured Joe.

"Of course it is," said Lucy quickly. "Don't

you see the brass cups the man is clapping together? And he keeps calling out—I can't understand the words—and smiling."

"No doubt he is telling how good the water is, so the passersby will purchase it," said Mr. Andrews.

"There! He is filling the cups for those two women who have stopped him," said Lucy, who was watching them as she spoke.

"They are Mohammedans, of course, because their faces are veiled," said Mrs. Andrews.

As the porter guided the travelers up the narrow street, they kept as close to each other as possible, because the crowd of strange-looking, strange-speaking people became quite dense.

"I have noticed several negroes as black as night; and the Jews I know by their noses," Joe whispered to his sister. "The swarthy-skinned people must be Syrians."

The twins had read several books on the Holy Land during the voyage, so they had some idea of what to expect.

"But all the books in the world aren't like *seeing,*" Joe afterward wrote home to his father.

When the party reached the hotel, Mrs. Andrews was out of breath, as the way had led mostly uphill.

"But a hill different from any I ever walked on before," she said with a smile.

"What do you mean, auntie?" Lucy looked puzzled.

"It is a hill made by men, my dear. Your uncle has just been explaining to me that Jaffa stands on one ruined city above another. How many, we cannot tell. Nor, indeed, does any one know how long ago the first settlement was made here."

"I know it is early," said Lucy, glancing at her wrist watch which had been a parting gift from her mother. "But I'm hungry enough to eat a bear!"

"And I," said Joe promptly.

"And I," echoed Mrs. Andrews.

"And as I share in the same feeling, we will get lunch as soon as we have freshened ourselves up a bit," said her husband.

A half-hour later the party were seated at an attractive-looking table in the dark, cool dining-room. Though it was only late April, the walk from the steamer had been a warm one, so this was a welcome change.

"I don't believe it would ever get hot inside of this house," said Joe, looking about him. "Since it is all of stone and has thick walls, the sunshine couldn't make its way through."

"Even the floor will keep cool," said Lucy. "It is of solid marble."

"Most of the houses we passed on our way here were of stone," said Mrs. Andrews, "and the roofs of many of them were flat."

"But there were so few windows in sight!" cried Joe. "What gloomy places to live in!"

"I think we shall find that many of the houses in the cities of Palestine have most of their windows opening on an inner courtyard." Mr. Andrews spoke thoughtfully.

"But I saw a good many windows on the upper floors of the houses," said Joe. "They were all barred, though, so they made me think of prisons."

"Behind those gratings many a woman was no doubt peeking out at the passers below," said Mrs. Andrews, thinking sadly of the shut-in life of many of her Eastern sisters.

"In front of several of the windows were tiny balconies," said Lucy. "They had high filigree railings, and reached out over our heads. On one of them I caught sight of a pretty young girl looking down at the crowd. That is, I *fancied* she was young and pretty. I couldn't see her clearly."

Just then the waiter appeared with an appetizing lunch. There was a delicious soup, rich with the flavor of many vegetables; and after this the travelers were served with tiny balls of chopped mutton lying in beds of rice, with a rich brown gravy poured over all. For dessert there were sweet rich cakes, dried figs, oranges, and a plate of "Turkish Delight."

The cups of strong, sweet Turkish coffee which

were brought last suited Mr. Andrews "to a T," as he said with a boyish laugh.

The meal was all the pleasanter because of the company at the table of an English lady with her son and daughter. The children told the twins that they were visiting an older brother who was married and lived in the country, outside of Jaffa. They had come in town for a day's shopping.

"Our brother has such a pleasant home," the English lad told Joe. "The place has a big garden shut in all round with a hedge of prickly pears. In it there are ever and ever so many kinds of fruit —black figs and white ones, pomegranates, mulberries, peaches, plums and grapes. And there's a big olive orchard near the house, too. My sister and I will have a feast of good things to eat all summer long."

When the meal ended and the new acquaintances went their way, Mrs. Andrews said to her husband, "That English lady—Mrs. Owen is her name—told me that while here we must visit the Arabian bazaar and also the beautiful convent of the Greek Catholics. But most interesting of all, of course, will be the house of Simon the Tanner. I care more to see that than anything else."

"The gentle Dorcas lived here in Joppa, you will remember," said Mr. Andrews. "But I have read that no one knows where her home was. Probably,

people say, it was in one of the garden orchards around the city."

"What a beautiful woman she was, always thinking and working for others!" said Mrs. Andrews, softly. "This evening, children," she went on, turning to the twins, "we must get out our Bibles and look up the references to Dorcas in the New Testament. And we will read again the story in the *Acts of the Apostles* of Peter raising her to life."

"And also," added Mr. Andrews, "we had best refresh our minds by reading whatever the Bible has to tell us about Jaffa, or Joppa as it is written there."

"But now," he said cheerily, "I must go out in search of a trusty dragoman who shall guide us in our wanderings through Palestine. "Joe, you may go with me, if you like."

CHAPTER III

SIGHT-SEEING IN JAFFA

"WHAT sport!" declared Joe, as he patted the back of the donkey on which he was riding.

"Mine is such a patient little beastie!" replied Lucy. "It seems more like living in the long-ago to go about in this way instead of on horseback."

"I can't say I enjoy those ugly curs," Joe said rather crossly, pointing to some dirty looking, rough-haired dogs that were snarling and barking in his pathway.

"Poor things! Aunt Nell says they haven't any homes, and keep themselves from starving by eating the garbage which the people here throw out into the streets."

"Then they are a blessing to the place, I suppose. If it were not for them, there would be a terrible lot of sickness."

"I didn't tell you, though, of what I saw yesterday afternoon while out with uncle," Joe went on, laughing mischievously. "It seems that the dogs of one quarter can't venture into another one without

there being a fierce quarrel. And, Oh, Gimini! I ran into one of those fights. It's good you weren't with us. You'd have been scared, Lucy. But I enjoyed the excitement. Everybody had to push back against the walls of the buildings to let the animals have the field to themselves."

"And didn't any one try to stop them?"

Joe shook his head.

"Then I suppose some of them got dreadfully hurt before the fight ended."

"Yes, Uncle and I stayed long enough to see the two intruders go off limping and howling. The leg of one of them had been bitten into so badly that he left a streak of blood on the ground behind him."

"Poor creature!" Lucy looked so sad that Joe hastened to divert her.

"Don't you like our dragoman?" he asked. "Uncle Ben thinks he is a prize. He is a Syrian, but speaks English real well. He told Uncle he used to live in Boston. He went there as a boy, but came back here to earn his living by being a guide for tourists. This morning, as we were starting out, he said to me, 'Oh! Oh! Your country is so cold in the winter, I could not stand it.' Then he made his teeth chatter, and laughed."

"I like him, he is so pleasant. I wonder what he's telling Uncle and Auntie now." Lucy's eyes were fastened on the dragoman, who was riding

close beside Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, and talking and gesturing at the same time.

"I guess he's explaining who those children are." Joe motioned towards a group of boys and girls who were coming out of a doorway. The boys wore red fezzes and long cotton robes that looked like bath-gowns. The girls had veils of flower-figured cloth on their heads; but the veils were drawn back from their faces so the travelers could see the bright black eyes and dark skins of the owners.

"All the children have wooden clogs on their feet and no stockings," said Joe, running his eyes over their figures.

"And every one carries a bag," added Lucy.

"They must be coming from school," said Joe. "They probably carry their papers and books in those bags."

Joe's guess was right. Ameen, the dragoman, afterwards explained that they were children of an English mission school.

The next minute the interest of the sightseers was turned to a grand-looking Turkish officer who rode past on a big white horse. He wore a funny-looking, fuzzy, black fez with a trimming of gold braid on the top; glittering decorations were pinned to his dark blue coat, and a big sword hung at his side. He had wide red stripes down the sides of his bright blue trousers, and his saddle and bridle were richly decorated.

"Hm!" said Joe, when the great man had passed. "I never saw such fine trappings on a horse before. The saddle cloth was embroidered in gold, and the stirrups must have been silver!"

On through the narrow, crooked thoroughfare the travelers rode till they reached the bazaar where the people of Jaffa did their trading. Funny little shops were there—simply openings in high, thick walls of stone, or tiny stalls in which most of the merchants sat cross-legged. Lazy-looking men these were, as they haggled with their customers over the prices of their wares.

"How loud they talk!" commented Mrs. Andrews. "And how queer their voices are!"

"As if there were some sort of wall in the middle of their throats, over which the sounds tumble," said Joe. "I wish I could talk Arabic."

"I heard you practising in bed this morning," said Lucy, laughing, "but you didn't get the queer thickness into your voice, Joe."

"Shall we leave the donkeys in the care of our guide and walk around?" Mrs. Andrews asked her husband. "I would like to purchase one or two souvenirs of Jaffa."

"And I." "And I," echoed the twins.

The result was that the travelers spent three hours wandering through the narrow lanes, each one of which contained articles of only one kind. Thus the shopkeepers in one lane called the Street of the

Potters sold only earthenware jars and dishes. In another, the Street of the Shoemakers, shoes of all kinds were displayed, from dainty slippers of bright-colored kid for ladies, to long scarlet boots for horsemen.

"I'm sure of one thing," Mrs. Andrews said decidedly that evening when the travelers were resting in the courtyard of the hotel after the day's doings. "I don't like shopping in the East."

"Because we had to haggle so long over what we wanted?" asked Joe.

"Yes, every shopkeeper demanded outrageous prices to begin with. But he didn't expect us to pay them. He was in no hurry, either. And we had to beat him down and down, and finally pretend to go away, before he would agree to a reasonable price."

"I'm as pleased as I can be with what I got," said Lucy delightedly. She pointed to a pair of wooden clogs in her lap. "Inlaid with mother-of-pearl!" she cried, holding them up in the dim light of the kerosene lamp.

"The straps are embroidered in silver," said Mrs. Andrews, examining the clogs. "Only a rich child in this country would wear such beautiful ones, I'm sure."

"I think I'll send them to my little Portuguese friend, Theresa, in Rio," said Lucy, considering.

"Sometime, Auntie Nell, I hope you and Uncle Ben will meet Theresa."

"And her brother, too," added Joe quickly. "I wish he were here with us now. We had ever so many good times together in South America. He and I actually got to be like brothers."

"Uncle Ben," said Lucy, rubbing her eyes to keep awake, "I'm sort of disappointed."

"Why, what is the matter, dear child?" Mr. Andrews asked anxiously.

"It's this way, Uncle Ben. I expected to feel thrilled every minute after I stepped foot in Palestine because it is the land where Christ lived. But, instead, I have only been able to think of the strange people and the strange tongue most of them speak, and the veiled faces of the Mohammedan women, and the bright colors of the garments, and the donkeys and the camels."

"But we have gained a good deal during our stay here," said Mrs. Andrews quietly. "We know better already what kind of people and customs were those of Palestine in the time of Jesus because the ways of the people, we are told, have changed little in the last nineteen hundred years."

"Besides, we have seen the house of Simon the Tanner," said Joe quickly, "and we stood in the courtyard beside the well from which Peter must have drunk while he visited him."

"Not the house in which Simon lived," corrected

Mr. Andrews. "But doubtless, the house we saw stands on the site of Simon's. Even now there are tan-yards near by."

"Ameen told me"—Lucy spoke earnestly—"that the Mohammedans say that Jesus whom they call Lord Isa, visited in Simon's house, and that a miracle was performed there; Jesus asked God for food, and a table was instantly let down from heaven with the food he prayed for."

"That is only a legend, Lucy," Mrs. Andrews reminded her.

"Uncle Ben," said Joe, thoughtfully, "why are there so many different kinds of people in this one place? Lucy and I have met Arabs, Turks, Egyptians, negroes, in one short walk—to say nothing of Armenians and people from all over Europe."

"Many of them are simply passing through Jaffa on their way to some other place, Joe. Though the Holy Land is very small—and not over one hundred and fifty miles in length——"

"Oh!" cried the twins together in astonishment.

"Yet it lies between Europe, Asia and Africa," continued their uncle. "Consequently it is a passageway for travelers on the way from one country to another. So, as we travel about, we shall probably keep on meeting people of different races just as we have done here."

"But people of different races live in Palestine as well as travel through it," said Mrs. Andrews.

"In our wanderings it may be well to remember how this came about."

"I know, I know!" exclaimed Lucy. "It's because of the different people who have ruled over it. I'm so glad, Uncle Ben, you told us the history of Palestine on the voyage."

"Let me see," said Joe, not willing to be outdone by his sister. "First of all, so far as we know, the Hebrews came here; they called it the Land of Canaan, and they made the people they found here their servants.

"Next came the Romans; and then in the year 637 the Arabs conquered Jerusalem and brought the Mohammedan religion into the country. Ugh!" Joe shuddered at the thought.

"But at first the Mohammedans were kind to the Christians," said Mrs. Andrews gently.

"There wasn't any real trouble till tribes of Turks, called Saracens, came in the eleventh century," Joe went on. "It was terrible for the Christians then. That is why the Crusaders came from Europe to the Holy Land, and fought such bloody battles to get it into their possession. But the Turks managed to keep their power over the land, and they hold it to this day!" Joe's usually dancing eyes actually looked savage.

"I wish they'd start a new Crusade pretty soon," he cried. "I'll soon be old enough to join one."

The boy jumped up and stretched himself to look as tall as possible.

"My dear nephew," cried Mrs. Andrews, looking at her watch, "it is getting late, and both you and Lucy must be tired. If we are to make an early start to-morrow for Jerusalem the Golden, you had better go to bed at once."

A few minutes afterwards the twins were nod-doing off to sleep, Joe seeming to hear the cry "Backsheesh!" which had followed him in the streets all day, while his sister watched a train of camels with her mind's eyes. The camels were bringing loads of wheat from Egypt, and their Arab masters rode at the head of the procession on little donkeys. The little girl, as she imagined herself riding towards them, had to turn her animal close to the wall to give them free passage.

CHAPTER IV

THE RIDE TO JERUSALEM

"WHAT odd cars!" cried Joe, settling himself by a window, as the train moved slowly out of Jaffa.

"I think the little compartments are real cosy," said Lucy, who felt disposed to like everything this beautiful bright morning. "We are as 'comfy' here as if we were riding in an automobile."

"While you twins are talking," said Mr. Andrews, who sat with his wife opposite them, "your aunt and I are enjoying the sights we are passing. I don't believe either of you have noticed the broad wheat fields on either side of us."

"I did, anyway, Uncle," said Joe, "but Lucy and I saw fields of wheat in South America far larger so that these don't interest us particularly."

"Look, Aunt Nell!" cried Lucy. "Did you notice that girl walking in the wheat field? She made me think of Ruth in the Bible. From here she looked patient and beautiful, just as I like to think of the handmaiden of Boaz long ago."

"What a lovely orchard!" Joe broke in. "It

is loaded with blossoms. I think the trees are almond and plum."

"There are fig trees there, too," added Mr. Andrews.

"I wish we could stay in the Holy Land till the figs are ripe," said Joe longingly. "The English boy we met at the hotel told me what good times he has in his brother's orchard. There's a big black fig tree he likes best of all. He likes to climb it in the early morning and feast on the fruit while the dew is still on it. He says it is the best ever. Yum! yum!"

"Look! Look, everybody!" exclaimed Lucy. She pointed to a wide field in which thousands of scarlet poppies gayly lifted their heads above the thick, tall grass.

The train moved past them even as she spoke, and another beautiful sight appeared. It was a meadow dotted with cornflowers and yellow marigolds, with lovely iris blossoms appearing here and there.

"The lilies of the field," said Mrs. Andrews softly, "for those were what Jesus called the iris flowers."

"We have chosen the best of all times to see Palestine," said Mr. Andrews. "The heavy rains of the past months have come to an end, and the great heat of the Syrian summer has not arrived to burn up the land."

"We are getting into the hill country," said Joe, a few minutes later. The land is rocky now and hardly anything is growing on it."

"Except olive trees," said Lucy quickly.

"Olive trees will grow in the rockiest soil," explained Mr. Andrews. "They must be a blessing to the poor people of Palestine because they furnish not only nourishing fruit but an abundance of oil."

"Look behind us! Quick!" cried Joe. The train had suddenly turned a sharp angle, and the boy had obtained a good view of the coastland, with the blue waters of the Mediterranean beyond.

"Into those blue waters below us," said Mrs. Andrews quietly, "once came ships laden with the cedars of Lebanon and other precious woods. And afterwards those woods must have been brought up the very hillsides over which we are now riding, for the building of the wonderful Temple of Solomon."

No further words were said for some time, when Joe suddenly exclaimed, "We must be nearly there!"

The lad had caught a glimpse of many buildings crowded together. Mosques with their rounded domes, and tall towers, stone-walled convents, schools and churches were most apparent of all. The Holy City, standing on a table-land, high above the plains and valleys below, lay stretched beyond the travelers.

"Oh!" said Lucy catching her breath. "If only

Daddie and Mummie could be here, too," she thought, "how happy I would be!" The little girl's eyes shone with eagerness, and the dimples in her cheeks went and came rapidly. How strange, how wonderful that she was soon to walk where Christ had walked, and was to see places He had seen!

And Joe! His thoughts came fast, too. He had had many adventures in his life already, "But before me," he said to himself, "is the Great Adventure of all."

As soon as the train had entered the station, our travelers got out and followed the dragoman to a hotel which seemed quite modern beside the one where they had stopped in Jaffa. It even had electric lights and running water, as Joe quickly discovered.

"I can take a real bath here," he said with delight.

"You certainly need it," said his uncle with a smiling glance at his nephew's face and hands, which were streaked with dust from the journey.

CHAPTER V

THE HOLY CITY

"I'M from New York, too."

"Well, I never!" Joe looked at his new friend in astonishment. The two boys had met in the hotel corridor and had "picked up" an acquaintance at once.

"My name is Arthur Freeman, and my father is a professor in one of the schools here in Jerusalem. We have lived at this hotel for a year, but mother is getting tired of it so we are going to housekeeping pretty soon." The lad talked on as if he had always known Joe. But how could he help it when it was so good to meet another American boy of his own age in this strange land!

"Can't you go with us in our afternoon sightseeing?" asked Joe, also delighted at having found a boy companion.

"I'd like nothing better."

And then Lucy came dancing along the corridor with cheeks like roses, and eyes shining like stars.

"Just think, Joe!" she cried disappointedly, after her brother had introduced Arthur to her.

"We aren't in the Holy City at all. We are on the outside."

"This is the outer Jerusalem, to be sure"—Arthur smiled—"and the newer part, you must understand, which has been built up since old times. The up-to-date shops and hotels and houses are here."

"I don't care about them. I want to see the Jerusalem of the Bible," said Lucy eagerly.

"You shall see it shortly," said her uncle, coming up behind her. "Our dragoman is waiting to show us around. Let us start at once."

A short walk brought the travelers to the gray walls dividing the old Jerusalem from the new.

"Every city had to be protected by strong walls in the long ago," Mr. Andrews explained to the twins. "It was the only way in which the dwellers there could feel safe from the fierce tribes and bands of robbers that roamed over the country."

"What a busy place!" exclaimed Joe, as the party arrived at the famous Jaffa Gate opening into the Holy City.

"So different from what I expected," declared Lucy. "But then, everything always is."

Arthur laughed, wishing at the same time he had such a pretty sister as Joe had.

The Jaffa Gate was indeed a busy place. Just inside was a little market place where peasants had come from the country round about to sell the fruit and vegetables they raised on their land.

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"JUST INSIDE THE GATE WAS A LITTLE MARKET PLACE"

"That dark-skinned woman selling tomatoes and cucumbers is from Bethany," Arthur whispered to the twins.

"And those others next her are women from Bethlehem," the lad explained a moment afterwards. "I know them by their striped gowns and their long veils."

"How straight they walk and how heavily-laden the baskets are, yet they carry them on their heads as lightly as if they were empty," replied Lucy.

Then she drew to one side as a line of donkeys laden with vegetables passed her. The animals were guided by boys wearing white shirts gathered in by broad red belts.

"You ought to be here in mid-summer," Arthur told the twins as they went on. "Then it is hard work to get through the market place at the Jaffa Gate because the peddlers almost block it up with piles of melons and oranges and lemons and pomegranates—oh, and ever so many other kinds of fruit. And how you would enjoy the smell of the roses then! They are brought here in millions—yes, in *millions,* and sold by the pound to people who make attar of roses out of them."

"Oh-h!" sighed Lucy in longing tones, as the rose was her favorite flower.

On moved the party through narrow, dirty streets, Ameen, the dragoman, guiding them ever

upwards till they reached the summit of a hill on which stood a beautiful Mohammedan mosque.

"This is indeed holy land," said Mr. Andrews reverently, "because on this very spot the wondrous Temple of Solomon once stood in all its glory."

"And now—now!" said Mrs. Andrews in a low tone. Her eyes were busy watching some Mohammedan worshipers who were removing their slippers before entering the building.

"Millions of people have worshiped here in the years that have gone by," said Mr. Andrews thoughtfully. "And many thousands of Christians, without doubt, have met a terrible and bloody death on this spot."

"But it must have been a happy time for the people, Uncle Ben," said Joe, "when the Temple was built." The boy did not like to brood on sad happenings.

"Indeed yes, my lad. Without sound of saw or hammer, we are told, its walls rose higher and higher till no building in the world was like unto it for majesty. The richest woods and most precious metals were used without stint."

"The upper rooms were all of gold," said Lucy dreamily. Her eyes were half-closed. She was trying to see the marvelous Temple in her fancy.

"Within the walls of the Temple, over there to the west, stood the Tabernacle," Mr. Andrews went on. "It was shaped like a tent so as to be a con-

stant reminder of the tabernacle Moses had set up in the wilderness."

"Father has told me," said Arthur, "that the Temple was destroyed and rebuilt more than once. But he said that though a Mohammedan mosque now stands in this place, he wanted me to remember that the voice of Jesus Christ was once heard here."

"Thank you, Arthur, for speaking of that," said Mrs. Andrews with a bright smile. "When I go home I shall carry your words with me."

After spending a few minutes inside the mosque, admiring its lofty dome and beautiful stained-glass windows, the travelers followed Ameen around outside to the bottom of one of the walls of the old Temple enclosure. There they discovered a number of Jews leaning heavily against the big, time-worn stones, weeping. Nearby were other Jews praying loudly and earnestly.

"You may find Jews here at almost any time, but especially on their Sabbath," Ameen explained in a low tone. "These walls are all that remains to-day of the Temple of Solomon, and the Jews come to weep over their days of former glory, and to pray for the time when Jerusalem shall be theirs once more."

As the sightseers went on their way, Arthur said to Joe, "The longer you stay in Jerusalem, the more bad feeling you will find among the people of different faiths. It is a good thing that the Jews

live mainly in one quarter, the Mohammedans in another, and the Christians in still another."

The two boys, who had been lagging behind, now quickened their pace to join the rest of the party as they entered the Via Dolorosa, or Way of Sorrows.

"Along this very pathway," said Ameen, "Jesus must often have walked. Somewhere along this way stood the Court of Pilate from out which went the mocked Christ bearing the Cross."

The children were very quiet as they moved along the Way of Sorrows, stopping for a moment at the different places where Christ rested on His way to be crucified.

The dragoman came to a standstill at the foot of the steps leading into the barracks.

"It was at this very place," he explained, "that the cross was laid upon our Master, and which He carried for His crucifixion."

Tears came into Lucy's eyes. How terribly real the story of His sufferings seemed now. He who so loved little children and said, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me: for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," had here taken up the cross on which He was to be crucified for their sake.

And Joe, dancing-eyed, merry-hearted Joe! There was a queer choking in his throat which he tried to push back. At the same time he was thinking,

"I'm going to try harder than ever before to love everybody. That is what He would have me do."

Only a few steps farther on the party passed under an arch which crossed the street. "Here," said Ameen, "is where Pilate cried to the crowd gathered about Jesus, 'Behold the man!' "

"How weak Pilate was!" cried Mr. Andrews indignantly. "He did not dare spare the life of the Master himself. But he weakly hoped that when he gave the Master into the hands of the people, their anger might be changed into pity."

On moved the travelers slowly, thoughtfully, stopping for a moment at the spot where Jesus was said to have fainted under his load, and again at the place where he spoke to the weeping women of Jerusalem, telling them not to shed tears for him, but for themselves and their children.

"Now," said the dragoman at last, after the party had turned into Christ Street, "we stand before the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, most sacred of all buildings in the world, because here, when His agony was over, He was laid to rest."

"But you must understand," Arthur reminded the twins, "this isn't the same church that stood here when Christ was alive. Probably several different churches have been built in this place since the time of Jesus. Father says that this one can mean as much to us, though, as if it had stood

through the centuries. It is full of the *thought* of Christ, you know."

"Listen!" cried Joe with excited interest, "peddlers are crying their wares here in the square, right *here* in front of the church! They make me think of the money changers whom Jesus drove out of the temple."

"I'm sure Auntie won't buy anything in a place as sacred as this," said Lucy indignantly.

"Backsheesh! Backsheesh!" cried a ragged, dark-skinned boy behind her. She had not noticed the little boy and was startled.

Arthur, with a smile, put a small coin in the hands of the boy, who immediately ran off to beg from a richly-dressed Armenian lady who had just entered the square.

"The church is closed now," the dragoman explained to Mr. Andrews, who had asked if it would be possible to enter. "To-morrow we will come earlier, and then you shall all examine it. There is much to see inside."

"I wouldn't care to go along the Via Dolorosa alone at night," Lucy told her brother and Arthur as they made their way back to the hotel.

"Why?" asked Arthur, though he instantly guessed what was in the little girl's mind.

"It must be very, very dark." Lucy shuddered. "The road is so rough and uneven, it is hard enough to keep from stumbling in the daytime, while the

walls on each side, with the fine grated windows and narrow doorways in them, make me feel as if I were in an endless sort of prison. And then the many stone archways overhead! I should be afraid of tumbling over some ugly, sleeping dog, or meeting a robber!"

"Though I'm a boy, I have no wish to walk through the Way of Sorrows at night," Arthur admitted. "If I were obliged to do so, I'd carry a lantern, and would give many a glance over my shoulder to see if I were followed."

CHAPTER VI

THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

"ARTHUR and I are going to follow the walls around the city this morning," said Joe, suddenly appearing in the doorway of the family's private sitting room at the hotel.

"You can't keep close to them all the time," said his uncle, looking up from an outline he had been making of future travels about Palestine.

"I know it, Uncle, but we'll keep as close as we can. Arthur knows the shortest way, and we shan't have to walk three miles to get back to where we started from."

Lucy looked up from the book she had been reading with longing in her eyes. She wanted Joe to ask her to go, too.

"You are best off right here this hot morning, Lucy," said her aunt, catching the look. "You have been on the go continually for the past three days. The walk will be hot and dusty. Why not write some letters while Joe is away?"

"All right." The pucker left Lucy's forehead

and her eyes smiled once more. "I guess this is a good time to write to Theresa."

Joe went away whistling softly. He was very fond of his sister, but once in a while it was pleasant to go off for a care-free tramp with a boy, and he enjoyed Arthur's company more and more.

The next minute Lucy had settled herself on the deep window-seat and was busy telling her little friend in far-away Brazil what she had been seeing in the Holy City.

"Dear, darling Theresa," she wrote, "whenever I have time to think about you I miss you very much. How I wish you could have seen what I have been seeing the last few days! You can hardly imagine how wonderful it seems to be in the very place where Christ once lived.

"Theresa, dear, I went yesterday to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Though it isn't exactly the same building that stood on that spot in the long ago, it is full of reminders of what happened to Him there.

"After we had crossed the courtyard in front of the church, we passed through a portal and saw some Turkish soldiers on guard. Think of it, Theresa! Those men were smoking and drinking coffee in that holy place.

"After we had passed the guard we found ourselves in front of a large stone on which our dragoman told us the body of Jesus had been placed after

the Crucifixion. Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea wound the body as it lay there, you will remember, in linen cloths, with a mixture of myrrh and aloes. And Theresa! that stone has been actually worn away along the edges by the kisses of Christian pilgrims who have visited it since that time!

"A few steps farther on, we entered the rotunda of the church. There, under the immense dome, is the chapel of the Sepulchre. The Sepulchre itself is a small marble building as large as a good-sized room. Many lamps hang there and are kept burning night and day.

"On the east side of the rotunda is a low door opening into the Angel's Chapel, whose walls are very thick and crusted with marble on both sides. In the center of this chapel is a stone encased in marble.

" 'You now look,' explained our dragoman, 'on the stone on which the angel sat after he had rolled it away from the Sepulchre.'

"Fifteen big lamps hang from the walls of the Angel's Chapel, and they are kept burning all the time.

"There are many other chapels in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. One of them is the Chapel of the Raising of the Cross. Our guide led us to the apse, where he showed us an opening lined with silver. 'Here,' said he, 'the Cross was inserted. 'And there,' he went on, pointing to two places on

either side, 'the two thieves were crucified beside our Lord.' The man evidently believes Jesus was crucified in the place where the Church of the Holy Sepulchre stands, though there is little doubt that He was led to a hill outside the city and was there put to death.

"Before stopping my description I really must tell you that before we left the church, our dragoman showed us a broken stone column which he said marks the center of the world! He also took us into the Chapel of Adam, where according to an old legend, Adam was buried, and there he lay till the Crucifixion, when the blood of Jesus flowed down through a rent in the rocks, and touching Adam's head, brought him to life. What strange stories people tell, don't they?

"This is a long letter, isn't it? But I really must mention the Easter celebration in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Joe, who likes excitement, as you know, is dreadfully sorry we arrived in Jerusalem too late to see it, but Uncle Ben says he would not have let us join the tremendous crowd that gathers in the church on that day.

"Many thousands of pilgrims, mostly Greek Catholics, arrive in Jerusalem for this celebration which is called the Festival of the Easter Fire.

"At a certain moment the priest sticks a lighted torch through a hole in the wall of the Sepulchre. Then the Greek Catholics, carrying tapers, vie

with each other in trying to light them from the flame which they look upon as sacred. There is a terrible struggle, and many people are trodden upon and injured. But it is remarkable, Ameen says, how fast the tapers are lighted. Then how the people shout for joy! They actually kiss the flame they have obtained, and *hug* it. And not one of them will afterwards admit he has been burnt! It must be a wild sight. I'd rather hear about it than see it. But Joe, being a boy, is different from me.

"Dear me! it is lunch time, and Auntie is calling to me to get ready for it. So good-by for now, from

"Your loving friend,

"LUCY."

As the little girl wrote the last word Joe came bounding into the room. His cheeks were flushed and his clothes covered with dust, but his eyes shone with excitement.

"Lucy, I think camels are the ugliest creatures I ever saw. Arthur and I were nearly home when we met a Syrian peasant leading a camel. The beast had a load of vegetables on his back, but I think it couldn't have been very heavy.

"Just as we boys were abreast of him, his master bent down to fix the strap which kept the load in place. Quick as a flash, out came the camel's hind leg that was nearest the man, and sent him flying. He fell at our feet, with the wits knocked out of

him. The next minute we found ourselves in the midst of a big crowd pushing and crying and gesticulating in the way of these orientals!"

"But the man? Did he come to his senses, Joe?" Lucy asked quickly.

"Not for ten minutes or so. And then he seemed dazed. He started to get on his feet, but one of his legs had evidently been broken, and he groaned and fell back."

"But the camel? What was he doing all the time?"

"Standing still as a monument, but blinking his eyes viciously and slowly stretching his neck from side to side, as if little creatures like men didn't interest him at all except to get them as far out of his way as possible."

"How sorry I am for that poor peasant! I hope he was carried to a hospital."

"Yes. Arthur and I stood watching till a rude stretcher had been made, and the man was carried off. I say, Lucy, I'm glad I'm an American!"

"Of course. But what makes you think of that just now?" Lucy looked at her brother wonderingly.

"Because poor and sick people, even here in Jerusalem, have better care because of the thought and the money of kind-hearted people of the United States."

"Good! good!" cried a man's voice behind the

twins. They had been so busy talking they had not noticed their uncle's entrance. "But come!" he went on. "Your aunt and I have been waiting in the lobby for you to go to lunch with us for the last quarter of an hour."

CHAPTER VII

JOE'S ADVENTURES IN JERUSALEM

"WHILE you write to Daddy and Mummie," Joe said, turning to his sister, "I'll get off a letter to Carlos. I haven't written to him for so long, he will be wondering if I have forgotten him."

It was the last evening of the stay in Jerusalem. Mr. Andrews and his wife had gone out for a little walk, leaving the twins to entertain themselves.

"All right. But I wish Arthur would join us. It is pleasant to have his company even while we are busy."

And then came a knock at the door, and Arthur entered the room, bringing his arithmetic with him. "I have lots of problems to do," he said. "That is, father said, if I am to have to-morrow free to go to Bethlehem with you. But I thought I could do my work here if we don't stop to talk *too* much." The boy laughed mischievously.

"That suits Lucy and me first rate," said Joe. "We must each write a long letter, but after that

we three can play games. And auntie said Lucy and I might sit up a little later than usual."

"I've told you, I guess, how different the games over here are from our own," said Arthur thoughtfully. "Even the tops and kites are different. If I stay in Palestine much longer, I'll have to learn American ways all over again. But I haven't forgotten yet how to play 'Everlasting' and 'Old Maid.'"

"You have beaten me every time—I know that," said Lucy with a roguish smile.

"To work! to work!" cried Joe with pretended earnestness. "'First we study, then we play!' our old primary school song ran."

A minute afterwards two fountain pens and a long lead pencil were busily at work.

Lucy, as it happened, had finished writing her letter and Arthur had solved his last example before Joe's pen came to a standstill.

"You'll have to pay a fine for keeping us waiting," Arthur told him with a sly glance at Lucy.

"If it is easy, I'll agree, but if it's hard——"

"Oh, we'll make it easy, won't we, Lucy? You must read your letter aloud," Arthur said quickly.

"Well—not to waste time talking about it, here goes!" said Joe, stretching back in his chair and unfolding three sheets of paper covered with big boyish handwriting.

"Dear old Chum," he read, "Away off here in

Palestine as I am, I'm wondering what you have been doing since I heard from you. Have you been having wonderful adventures such as we two had together when we sailed up the Amazon and watched wild Indians dancing by moonlight?

"My adventures now-a-days are of a different kind—they don't give the same kind of thrills; but they are even more wonderful, because they take me back to the place long ago where Jesus had his home. It seems hard to believe it, Carlos, but the Holy City has been built over and over *twenty times* since those days. War after war has been fought here. Here the Crusaders came in their shining suits of armor, riding their high-spirited horses, and hoping to save Jerusalem from the power of the Turk. Gee! but I wish I could have been with them, don't you?

"Here the Jews keep coming from all parts of the earth to weep and pray beside the only stones of Solomon's Temple that are still standing. And here Christians come—thousands of them every year—to worship in the Holy City.

"Arthur Freeman—(he's a fine boy from dear old New York, who boards in the same hotel with us) and I followed the walls of Jerusalem the other day as closely as we could. Arthur pointed out the different gates that open into the city. Some of them are closed now—for instance, the *Golden Gate*

through which Christ rode, with the people spreading palms in His way and crying Hosanna.

"A little way below the Jaffa Gate is the Citadel of Jerusalem with five square towers. Herod's palaces and gardens used to be nearby. Arthur told me that Herod is said to have had immense cavern-stables in Jerusalem, which were afterwards used by the Crusaders for their own horses. They must have been cool resting places for the animals on hot summer days, that is certain. Now, however, the beautiful Mosque of Omar stands on the ground under which the stables used to be. It is a beautiful mosque with a green dome that shines in the sunlight and can be seen a long distance from the city.

"The Damascus Gate is the handsomest one of all. It has tall towers on either side. Arthur and I went through the bazaars along the Street of the Damascus Gate. Not much like the streets of Rio! It is a narrow lane under stone arches, as dark as a hole in the ground, and the shops are dingy, tumble-down little dens on each side. In these the tradesmen squat all day long in front of their wares —olives and olive-oil, grain and nuts and honey; pipes and tobacco; wonderful silks from Damascus; saddles of all kinds, plain for the poor people and richly ornamented ones for the rich; and fruit that would make your mouth water even if you do live in Brazil where it is so plentiful.

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THE GOLDEN GATE, THROUGH WHICH CHRIST RODE, IS CLOSED NOW

"For all the interesting things to see, Arthur and I were glad when we got away from the bazaars, where the air was so bad one could cut it, as Americans say, the mud stuck to our shoes and the noise of the merchants shouting their wares and haggling with their customers actually made my ears ache. Your dainty little sister would not enjoy shopping in Jerusalem any more than Lucy and Aunt Nell do.

"Oh, but there's so *much* to tell about Jerusalem! For one thing, we have all visited the Pool of Siloam, where Jesus sent the blind man to wash and get back his sight. Isn't it too bad that the Pool is full of muddy water to-day, its sides fallen in, and the steps leading down to it a perfect wreck? I told Uncle Ben that I hope Americans will fix it up some day—that is, if the Turks will let them.

"You will certainly want to hear about the trip we took yesterday. We went to the Mount of Olives and stopped to rest in the Garden of Gethsemane!

"We left Jerusalem in the early morning and rode down the hillside and across the Valley of the Kedron; and soon afterwards stood at the gateway of the Garden low down on a slope of the Mount. You may just believe none of us felt like talking as we entered it. There, under the olive trees, I thought of what Christ suffered in that very place, and my teeth set hard when I pictured Judas stealing in to betray his Master.

"Our dragoman pointed out to us the spot where Jesus prayed, and where His disciples probably slept while He kept His watch.

"After we left the Garden we climbed to the very top of the Mount, where we were so high up we could look down on Jerusalem across the way. Over to the east of us lay the Dead Sea, which we shall visit later. Before we left we had a good view of the Wilderness of Judæa, the River Jordan, and the town of Bethlehem to which we shall ride to-morrow.

"Well! I see that Arthur and Lucy are waiting for me to stop, so good-by and so-long,

"Your chum,

"Joe."

Soon after he began reading Mr. and Mrs. Andrews had come in from their walk and quietly seated themselves to listen.

"Well done, Joe!" said his uncle as he finished. "There are different ways of studying, and I rather think you and Lucy are learning as much in your travels as you would in a grammar school of New York."

"More!" added Mrs. Andrews, softly, patting her nephew's head.

CHAPTER VIII

ON A SYRIAN ROADSIDE

"IT is a good carriage road all the way," said Arthur.

"But it is a heap better to ride to Bethlehem donkey back," declared Joe. "To go in an up-to-date carriage wouldn't suit me at all."

"I feel like a circus rider," said Lucy with a laugh, pointing to her own snow-white donkey. "Trappings of silver and bright red leather! How people in New York would stare at me if I were riding down Fifth Avenue in this style!"

"But you aren't," said Joe, "and the old shepherd resting under that fig tree doesn't take his eyes off his flock to notice you. Even his dog only looked our way once to make sure we meant no harm."

The three children had let their elders keep ahead ever since they had left Jerusalem an hour before, and Arthur, being in a talkative mood, had told the twins many a story of his life in Palestine.

"Shepherds must get ever so lonely," said Joe, when they had passed the old Syrian. "Think of

that one staying all day on a rocky hillside in the hot sunshine with no one to talk to, and obliged to watch his sheep every minute lest they wander off and get into trouble."

"But shepherds love their flocks," Arthur answered quickly. "I have talked with a number of them in my tramps about the country. The fact is, you can't go far in the Holy Land without meeting a shepherd and his sheep. Every minute he is on the lookout for enemy wolves or jackals. He always carries a stout club with a big knob at the end studded with nails, with which to defend his flock."

"Even then, I suppose a dog is needed," said Lucy. "The one we just passed looked like such a faithful creature. He was on the go every minute trying to keep the flock together."

"Faithful! I should say!" said Arthur quickly. "Why, the sheep-dogs sometimes lose their lives in a battle with a big gray wolf, or a hyena, or a jackal.

"Such fights generally come at night, of course, after the sheep have been gathered into the fold, and the enemy has crept up and made his way over the stone wall or thorn-hedge that pens them in, or pawed away the stones in the opening of some cave into which the shepherd has driven them for the night's rest.

"Sometimes even in broad daylight, a hungry wolf attacks a sheep, or maybe a playful little lamb which has wandered aside from the flock. Then, you

may believe, the faithful dog is upon him in a flash. I saw such a fight with my own eyes last year."

"You did!" cried Joe and Lucy together.

"Yes, but it didn't last long, though the wolf's jaws were all ready to grip the neck of the prettiest little lamb—how you would have loved it, Lucy—when the dog pounced upon him from one side and the shepherd came rushing upon him from the other.

"But when the attack is at night, and the attacker is a whole band of wolves—wow! there isn't much chance for the dog's life then."

"Look!" said Joe in a low tone. His eyes were turned toward a peasant eating his lunch under a sycamore tree.

"He must be a road-mender—his tools are beside him," said Arthur.

"He seems to be enjoying himself just now," said Lucy. "I wonder what he is eating—it looks like a sandwich."

"It *is* a sandwich," Arthur explained, "and it is a loaf of bread split open with probably lentils or onions or dried figs between."

"A *loaf* of bread?" Joe laughed at the idea.

"Yes. The natives here bake their bread in round, flat cakes or loaves, and a hungry workman eats three or four of them at one meal. Before you leave Palestine you will have to see how the women make the bread."

The children had scarcely passed the road-mender

when they came upon a queer sight—a camel resting beside a patch of cactus plants, and feeding on the thick, thorny leaves. His master stood nearby, patiently waiting for him to finish his lunch.

"The inside of a camel's mouth must be pretty tough, if he can eat food like the thorny cactus," remarked Joe.

"I have seen goats as well as camels eat cactus leaves." As Arthur spoke he laughed at the pucker in Joe's forehead. "You look as if the thorns were pricking your tongue and not a camel's," he went on.

"Bethlehem!" called back Mr. Andrews. "The birthplace of our Lord lies just ahead of us."

"Up hill and down dale we have traveled for two hours at least," Lucy's aunt said to her as the little girl rode up to her side.

"But I have enjoyed every minute," Lucy declared, "and now how pretty Bethlehem looks up on that hillside—the prettiest village I've noticed in the Holy Land yet!"

"You can now see the Church of the Nativity quite plainly," said Ameen, pointing to a church with convents around it.

"Those convents," he went on, "belong to different Christian sects, the Greek, the Latin, and the Armenian, and each sect has a share in the church and quarrels with the others about it."

'Can we visit the church first of all?" Lucy asked

eagerly as the party entered the village. "It seems as if I couldn't wait."

"Suppose we have lunch first," proposed Mr. Andrews. "We are tired and warm and——" He turned with a smile to Joe to end the sentence for him.

"Hungry," promptly said the lad, patting his stomach.

"Right you are," agreed Arthur.

"And just ahead of us is a clump of olive trees which will give us shade," said Ameen.

A few minutes afterwards the travelers were settled comfortably under the olive trees, a little back from the road, but near enough to watch the passers-by.

"This thermos bottle doesn't seem in keeping with the place," said Mrs. Andrews, as she filled a drinking cup with water from it.

"No, a gourd is the thing," said Joe. "I wish I had one like the one I saw beside the old shepherd we passed."

"I never yet saw a shepherd without his gourd and scrip," said Arthur. "More than once I have shared the food carried in a scrip, and enjoyed it, too. Bread, with cheese made out of goats' milk, olives, and raisins or figs make a tasty meal for any one."

"Indeed yes!" As Mr. Andrews spoke he took

a bunch of the delicious Syrian raisins from the lunch box and held it up admiringly.

"For one, I never could get tired of olives," said Lucy as she put one in her mouth.

As she spoke two tall, handsome women passed by on the roadside. They had been to a well not far away and were bringing back on their shoulders jars filled with water.

"All over the Holy Land you will meet water-carriers," explained Ameen. "Nearly all the water used in most village homes is brought in jars from wells or springs."

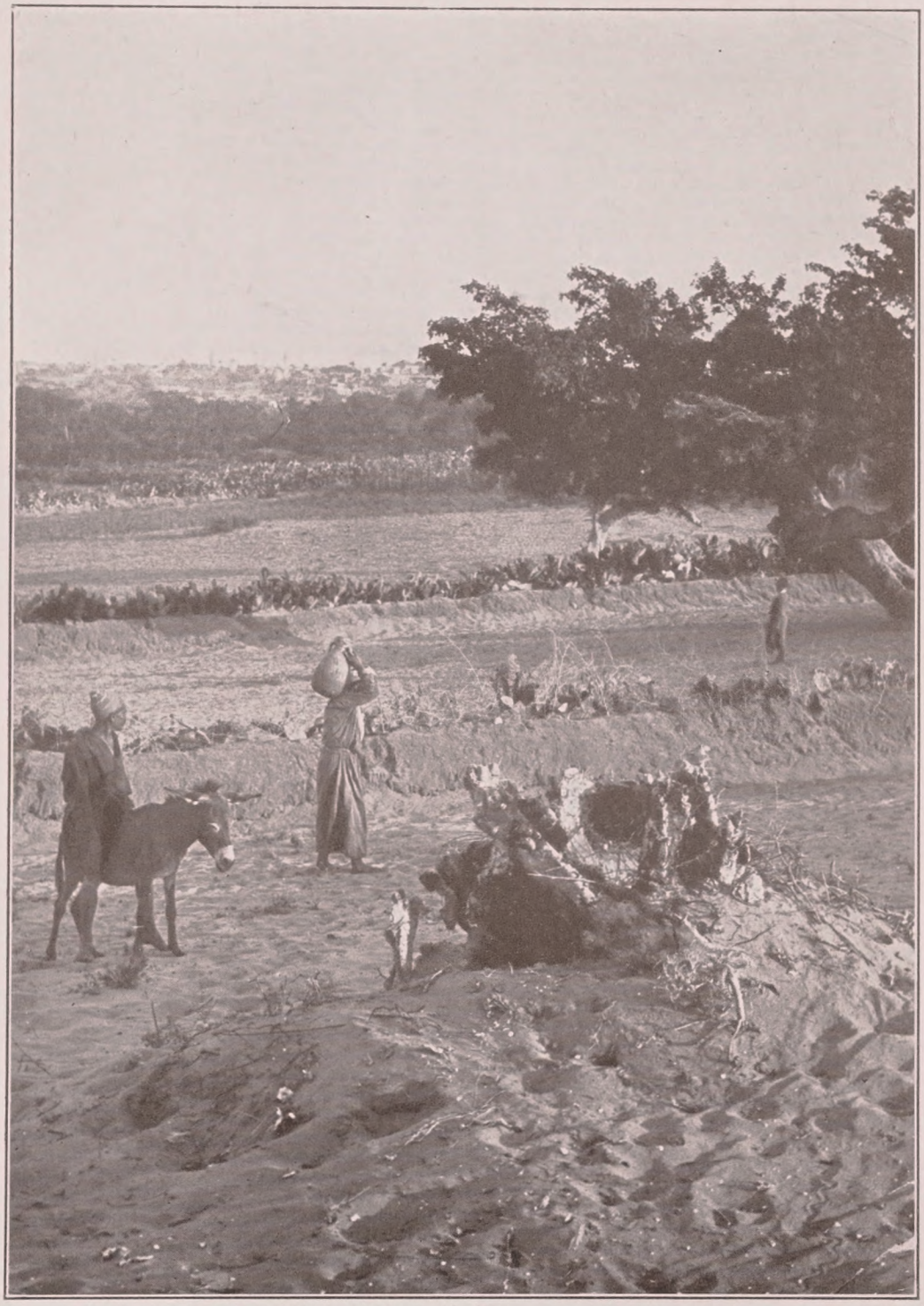
"How straight the women walk!" said Mr. Andrews. "And how graceful they are!"

"What pretty gowns they wear!" said Lucy. "So loose and comfortable!"

"Do the women here always wear outer garments of bright colors flowing loosely back from over white robes beneath, and bound in at the waist with girdles?" Mrs. Andrews asked Ameen.

"Such is the fashion here," the man answered. "Bethlehem, the 'House of Bread,' is a pleasant place to live in," he went on. "The men are good-natured and merry. The women are beautiful. The life is easy; many of the folks support themselves, as you will find, by selling souvenirs of the town to the tourists who come here."

"Look! look!" said Joe suddenly. He pointed to a band of Russian pilgrims who were coming down



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"'ALL OVER THE HOLY LAND YOU WILL MEET WATER-CARRIERS'"

the road. The men had long beards, and wore loose dark coats. The women's faces were sad and earnest. They wore kerchiefs about their heads. Most of the pilgrims were old and supported themselves with staffs.

"They want to visit the birthplace of our Savior before they die," explained Ameen. Then they will go home satisfied."

"In my last letter to Daddie and Mummie," said Lucy, "I told them about the Vale of Jehoshaphat, below Jerusalem, where thousands of Jews lie buried. What a funny notion that Jews should believe when the end of the world comes that particular vale should be the place for people to come to life in!"

"While you are talking, twin dear," said Joe, mischievously, "you are missing something worth while."

"What? where?" Lucy looked excitedly up and down the road. No one was in sight.

Then, at the sound of children's voices, she jumped up and turned towards the fields back of the olive grove. An odd procession was drawing near. It was composed of boys and girls. They had evidently just formed into a make-believe wedding procession. As the travelers stood up to watch them, two of the boys began to beat on drums; two others put reed pipes to their mouths to play. On came the procession straight towards the grove,

shouting and singing, dancing gayly about the child bride and groom, who were "dressed up" to look as much as possible as if they were about to take part in a real wedding.

"Isn't the bride a darling?" Lucy whispered to her aunt. "She's as pretty as a picture, and the wreaths of flowers and the veil, even if it *is* coarse muslin, make her prettier still."

The on-coming children had discovered the travelers by this time, and with still livelier laughs and shouts, danced past them and up the road.

"Oh-h!" said Lucy, with a sigh of longing. She would have liked to join the procession.

Mounting their donkeys, the party followed the direction which the little Syrians had taken, and soon reached the Church of the Nativity after being stopped several times by peddlers who were insistent on selling their wares.

"This is as good a time as any to get souvenirs," Mr. Andrews had told his wife good-naturedly, after buying a book-mark and two watch-holders made of olive wood.

"Yes," she agreed, holding up a dainty card-case and a jewel box of mother-of-pearl.

"See what I bought!" Joe cried in glee, riding up beside his aunt. He held up a toy bench of olive wood, about two inches long. In the holes in the top three tiny clay dishes were set—two of them being copies of the jars in which the women got the

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"'BETHLEHEM, THE 'HOUSE OF BREAD,' IS A PLEASANT PLACE TO LIVE IN'"

water used in their households, and the third one smaller and with a short spout, shaped somewhat like a teapot.

"The peddler explained in his broken English that a whole family drinks out of the little jug," Joe went on. "This is the way." The boy held up the jug quite a distance from his mouth, tipping the spout towards it. "There! You can imagine the water streaming out and down into my mouth."

"That is the most interesting curio I've seen yet," said Mrs. Andrews. "Before we leave Bethlehem I will certainly buy others like it to take to friends at home. But here we are."

When the party had dismounted, Ameen led the way inside the Church sacred to the memory of the Christ-child. Turkish guards stood at the entrance. Joe scowled at the sight of them in the place so holy to Christians. They were needed, however, the dragoman afterwards explained, because the different Christian sects who own the church often quarrel bitterly with each other.

"They even have separate altars and places to worship in that one building," Arthur whispered to Joe, as the boys followed the rest of the party down a flight of stairs into a grotto under the church.

"You now stand in the Chapel of the Nativity," Ameen said in a reverent tone. "This grotto was once the cavern-stable of an inn. Here our Lord Jesus was born. Over there is the rock where rested

the manger which was His only cradle. To this place the Wise Men came from afar, following His Star in the East. Look!"

The man pointed to a silver star in the center of a marble slab set in the floor. The words "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary" were written in Latin on the star.

"The Star of Bethlehem," Lucy whispered to herself, as all bent low before it. Above their heads, hanging from the low roof, sixteen silver lamps were burning. Around them censers sent out the sweet, heavy odor of incense. Pious pilgrims from far lands, whom the travelers had found in the grotto when they arrived, were kneeling about them in prayer, or bending over to kiss the star. It was a wonderful experience. Never afterwards would the twins forget what they felt that beautiful May day in Bethlehem when they seemed to live in that long ago time of the coming of the Christ-child.

"Did you notice the beautiful embroidered cloths which covered the walls of the grotto?" Joe asked his sister after they had left the chapel. "And that many of the lamps were studded with precious stones?"

Lucy shook her head. "I was busy—thinking," she said slowly. "But I did notice one thing—it made me shiver—it was the tramping of Moslem soldiers coming down the stairs, and the clinking of their weapons."

The travelers spent a half-hour or so in the big church above the chapel. They noted the tall pillars supporting the roof, the paved floor and the carvings on the walls. But Arthur and the twins were most interested in the people in the building—monks in long robes, with cowls on their heads; peasants from the near-by country taking part in a service before one of the altars; travelers from different lands visiting the church for the first time.

"Where are we to go next?" Joe asked Ameen as the party left the building.

"To the Milk Grotto," said the dragoman.

Neither Joe nor his sister had heard of the place before, but Arthur, who had been there, explained that it was a cavern fitted up as a little chapel, and that many people believed the Holy Family had hidden themselves there at the time of their flight into Egypt.

"This is a story which has been handed down for centuries," he said, "but no one knows that it is true."

Before leaving Bethlehem the travelers went to a hill on the edge of the town. There, from its top in the late afternoon light, Ameen pointed to a broad plain stretching eastward.

"Can you see the water beyond?" he asked. Without waiting for an answer he went on, "it is the Dead Sea."

"And still beyond," he said, "lie the Mountains of Moab."

"Here at my very feet," said Mrs. Andrews admiringly, "is a picture I wish I might paint." She pointed to a beautiful olive garden at the foot of the hill.

"That," said Arthur quickly, as he came beside her, "is where my father told me the shepherds were keeping watch by night when they heard the voices of the angels."

"Bearing tidings of great joy for all people," said the little lady softly. As she spoke, the beauty of the message shone forth from her lovely face.

CHAPTER IX

THE DEAD SEA

"ALL aboard!" called Joe.

"All ahorse! I guess you mean," said Arthur with a laugh, as Mr. and Mrs. Andrews and Lucy came down the hotel steps, ready for the outing.

"It's pretty early to start, especially as you were tired last night after the day in Bethlehem," said Mr. Andrews, glancing at his wife.

"But we are fresh as the lilies of the field this morning," she answered cheerily.

"Besides, the air is cooler to-day, and we all enjoy horseback riding," added Lucy. Then she turned to Arthur and said earnestly, "I'm as glad as can be that your father has decided to let you join us in all our trips."

Off rode the travelers briskly, enjoying the clear morning air and the fresh green of the country through which they were passing. They soon came in sight of a little village nestling in a hollow near the foot of the Mount of Olives. It looked very pretty from a distance, with its many gardens, and

orchards of olive, fig, almond and pomegranate trees.

"But when you get there," Arthur told the twins, "you will find the houses are tumble-down mud hovels, and many of the people are shiftless, and ready to beg from the travelers who visit the place."

"What a pity!" said Lucy. "Mother once told me that Bethany was the nearest place to a home Jesus had after he became a man. She said she liked to think of him resting there in the home of Lazarus, with Martha getting dinner and Mary at his feet listening to his wise words. And so—and so—I hardly care to visit the place if I am to see what you describe, Arthur."

"We found Bethlehem wasn't as pretty as it looked from a distance," said Joe stoutly, "yet we were glad we went there."

"Y-e-es. Well, I guess I will be glad afterwards for seeing Bethany." Lucy spoke doubtfully. "I suppose," she went on, "I must keep in mind what Uncle Ben has told us over and over: 'It is the country itself that we have come to see, and not what people have made of it since the days of the dear Christ.' "

The party stopped only a short time in Bethany, as it was out of the course planned for the day, and they wished to reach Jericho by noon. They stayed long enough, however, to visit a small house which Ameen said had once been the home of Lazarus.

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"THEY SOON CAME IN SIGHT OF BETHANY NESTLING IN A HOLLOW NEAR THE FOOT OF THE MOUNT OF OLIVES"

At this Mr. Andrews shook his head, as he knew it could not have been over a hundred years old. They also visited one of the cave-tombs near Bethany. It had an opening small enough to be closed by a stone.

"The body of Lazarus which the Master afterwards brought to life was no doubt in a tomb like this one," said Mr. Andrews, looking at it thoughtfully.

The sun was high up in the sky when the travelers, who had been riding slowly through a lonely rocky country, came to a break in the hills. Below them lay a small village.

"It is Jericho," said Ameen. "That is," he added, "the little settlement you now look upon, stands where once was one of the leading cities of Palestine, with groves of palm and balsam around it."

"A beautiful city it was," said Mr. Andrews, who had read much about the Jericho of old times. "Herod had one of his palaces there, and there were many other fine buildings. But now, alas! there is nothing to see of that ancient splendor."

"The inn there is not bad. You will find good food and beds," said Ameen. "Then, after a good night's rest, you will enjoy the ride to the Dead Sea."

Soon afterwards the travelers were eating a hearty dinner at the little inn, and all were so tired

from the rough ride that they were glad to seek sleep at an early hour.

The sun had scarcely shown itself next morning when the travelers were once more on their way. A ride of two hours brought them in sight of what every one was now longing to see.

"It must—it must—be the Dead Sea!" cried Joe excitedly.

"It is—it is—the Dead Sea!" said Arthur, mocking him.

"How still it is! The water is as smooth as glass!" said Lucy, urging her horse forward. She was eager to reach the Sea as quickly as possible.

It was some time yet, however, before the party stood on the shore of the waters nearer the center of the earth than any other in the world.

"Do you know what cities lie buried under the Dead Sea?" Mr. Andrews asked the twins.

"Sodom and Gomorrah," Joe answered while his sister was hesitating. "And I don't feel bad about it because the people were so wicked."

"Lot was saved, though," said Lucy, glad to show she knew that much.

"And so the Dead Sea is sometimes called 'Lot's Lake,'" said Arthur.

"Early as it is, I'm hungry," declared Joe a minute afterwards. "But I want to go in swimming, and I suppose——" the boy looked at his aunt with dancing eyes.

"That Aunt Nell won't let you go directly after eating," Mrs. Andrews said with a merry laugh. "Quite right, Joe. If you and Arthur wish a swim in the Dead Sea, it must be now or never."

"Now, then! Come on, Arthur!" At these words the two boys began a race to a clump of brush, and soon appeared in bathing suits which they had brought with them.

"I am glad it is not hot to-day," said Mrs. Andrews, who had settled herself after dismounting in the most comfortable spot she could find.

"There isn't the smallest thing growing anywhere around," said Lucy, looking up and down the shore. "The earth looks burned up. Is it because the water on which it borders is so salt—saltier even than the ocean?"

"Yes, and because of the sulphur and calcium in the earth itself," said Mr. Andrews, coming up behind her.

"Now, folks! Watch us!" called Joe, preparing for a plunge.

"Remember what I've told you," called his uncle. "Lie on your back when you swim, or else tread the water upright, or you may lose your balance and your legs go up and your head down."

"Don't let the water get into your mouth or eyes," called Mrs. Andrews fearfully, shortly afterwards.

"Don't worry, wife. I've a good notion to go

in myself." Mr. Andrews' eyes were full of boyish longing.

But just then there was a kicking and splashing in the waters close by, and the next minute the two boys, spluttering, coughing and choking by turns, landed at the feet of the watchers.

"Ouch!" said Arthur when he could get his breath. "My eyes burn like fire."

"And my mouth is full of that horrid water," followed Joe. "I lost my balance and in swept a quart of it at least. It's the saltiest and bitterest stuff I ever dreamed of."

"I guess you have both had enough of bathing in the Dead Sea," said Mrs. Andrews.

"I'm glad I didn't venture in," said Lucy, who had at first longed to join the boys.

While Joe and Arthur had been bathing, Ameen had been spreading out the lunch some distance back from the shore in the most comfortable spot he could find.

"He is calling to us to come and I, for one, don't wish to keep him waiting," said Mr. Andrews merrily. "Joe and Arthur, hurry up and get dressed, and then join us."

While the party ate the delicious dried figs and raisins which formed a part of the lunch, Arthur described the fruit that would soon be ripe in abundance. "Peaches and plums and fresh figs a-plenty," he said, "besides apricots, mulberries,

red and white ones, and then the grapes—big bunches of them fairly loading the vines!"

"And we won't be in Palestine when they ripen," said Joe regretfully.

After finishing the lunch, the party rested for an hour before starting homeward, while Ameen told all he knew about the Dead Sea.

"At the southern end," he said, "there is a mountain containing a cavern, and in that cavern are big deposits of salt. The sea is very salt because of these deposits and because of minerals brought down by the Jordan River."

"And also because there is no outlet for the waters," added Mr. Andrews.

"How far from here is the mouth of the Jordan?" asked Mrs. Andrews.

"Not a great distance to the north of us. But it is probably a considerable distance up the river where Jesus was baptized by John. Christ went there from Galilee, you will remember, and the only road over which He could have journeyed is quite a distance from the mouth of the Jordan.

"Across from Him lay the Land of Moab, a wild and dangerous country now as well as in the days of Jesus."

"I haven't seen even a minnow in the Dead Sea," Joe said suddenly, looking out over the waters in front of him.

"No fish of any kind can live there," explained Ameen, as he went off to saddle the horses.

"Hurrah!" shouted Joe, as the party started homeward. "I've enjoyed every minute since I landed in Palestine——"

"Except when you swallowed the water from the Dead Sea," Lucy made haste to remind her brother.

"Don't mention a little thing like that, Lucy. Besides, you shouldn't have interrupted me. I was going on to say that the best is yet to come."

"It's jolly that I can go with you on the long camping trip ahead," said Arthur. "I have longed for such an experience ever since I came to the Holy Land."

"Day after to-morrow morning we are to start at seven o'clock!" cried Lucy. "We may get back to Jerusalem so late this evening and be so tired, we shall need a good rest in between."

"Uncle Ben told me everything is arranged for already—horses, tents, all sorts of good things to eat—*everything!*" Joe's voice almost shouted his delight as he prodded his horse and went cantering down the road ahead of the rest of the party.

CHAPTER X

QUEER SIGHTS

"NORTHWARD into a land of adventures," said Joe excitedly, as the travelers left Jerusalem behind them, each one riding a stout horse, while Ameen led two heavily-laden pack-horses beside his own.

"We shall soon be standing beside the Sea of Galilee. Why, it seems too good to be true!" said Lucy. Her face fairly *oozed* happiness, as Arthur told her mischievously.

"Don't hurry ahead in your mind, Lucy," chided Joe. "Think of to-night, when we'll be sleeping in our tents inside of Shechem, the first capital of Israel. What sport!"

"Now-a-days we call it Nablous—not Shechem," Arthur reminded him.

"Oh, say!" burst out Joe. "What do you think of that?" He motioned towards a field in which a man was plowing. "A camel and a donkey hitched to the same plow!"

"Well, I never!" Lucy reined in her horse. "The

two animals seem to get along together all right," she said as she watched them.

"They *have* to agree," said Arthur. "They fear the goad of their master."

"All the country people are busy now," continued Arthur, as they rode on. "The wheat has been planted and most of the plowing done. The man we watched is late at it."

"Planting before plowing?" asked Joe in surprise.

"Yes, that's the way in Syria." Arthur smiled. Then he went on: "You must have seen many fields of tall grain already. Before many weeks the harvesting will begin. Then a whole village will be busy from morning till night. The big folks reap the grain, and the children load the sheaves on the backs of the horses and donkeys, and carry it off to be threshed."

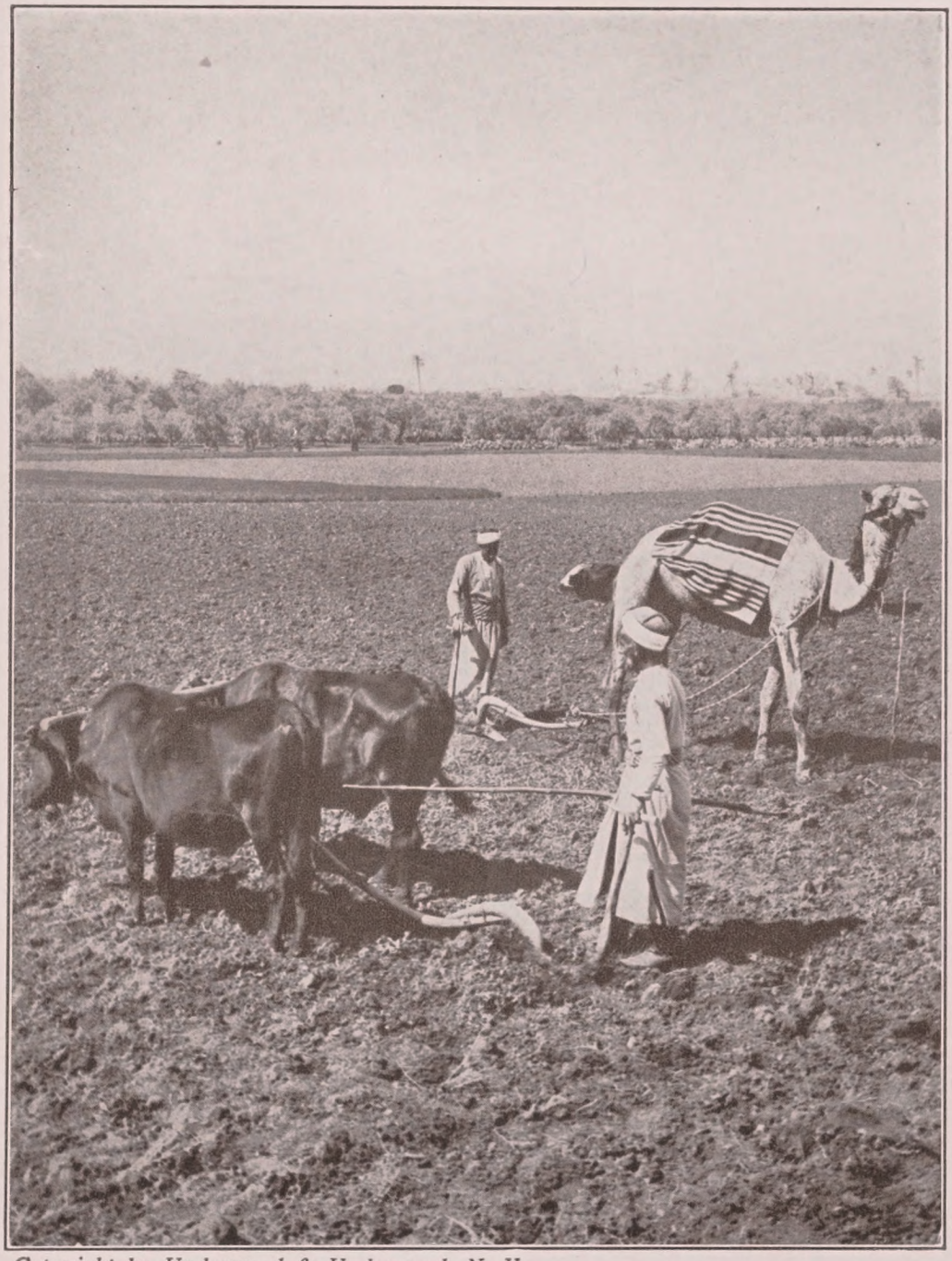
"But if the women have babies?" asked Lucy.

"The babies are easily taken care of. Many a time I've seen a baby's head sticking out of a bag hanging from some tree while the mother was busy cutting the grain."

"What do the people do after the grain is harvested?" asked Joe.

"By that time they are busy gathering and drying figs, and watching their grape vines."

"*Watching* their grape vines?" said Lucy wonderingly.



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PLANTING BEFORE PLOWING IS THE WAY IN SYRIA

"Yes. You must have noticed watch towers here and there in places where there are vineyards and——"

"I've meant to ask Ameen or you what they were built for," broke in Joe.

"Then I'll explain. As the harvest is very precious because grapes supply people with fresh fruit, raisins and wine, men stand on guard day and night in those towers as soon as the grapes begin to ripen. There is danger of thieves stealing into the vineyards and carrying the whole crop off. Then, too, wolves and foxes and bears enjoy grapes and they must be kept away. Even a watchman isn't enough protection. The vineyards are surrounded by walls; and when harvest time is at hand, the owners collect thorn-bushes and spread them on top of the walls, with stones to keep them in place. A sorry time then for the wild animal that tries to get into the vineyard!"

"A *howling* time, maybe." Joe, as well as Arthur and his sister, laughed at his little joke.

"I say!" said Arthur at a sudden thought. "I wish you twins could see olive trees loaded with the ripening fruit. The branches often bend under the weight. Some of the olives are pickled or preserved, but most of them are sent to the press to furnish people with olive oil."

"O dear! I'd like to stay here all summer and see everything you have seen!" cried Joe mournfully.

"That's the tenth time, at least, you've said that, Joe Grayson. *I'm* thinking how many interesting things we *have* seen," said Lucy. "For instance, the olive orchards at their loveliest! The little, cream-white blossoms—thousands and thousands of them—reaching their heads out from among the glossy dark-green leaves are just beautiful. We passed an olive orchard in flower a little while ago."

"I must tell you a good joke on myself," said Arthur. "Last summer I didn't wait for the olives to be picked and pickled, but ate some right off the tree, just as I used to eat hard little green apples at home, and my! how bitter they were! My mouth was all puckered up for hours afterwards. And another time I had eaten a lot of green almonds before dinner. I was going to a party that afternoon. But just as I began to dress, wow! such a pain in my 'tummy'! And then another and another till I was twisted up in a knot that didn't get untied till long after the doctor had come, and the party was over. No more green almonds for me!"

With a merry laugh the children speeded up their horses to join their elders.

CHAPTER XI

THE OLD CAPITAL OF ISRAEL

"THIS is the best way ever to see the country!" declared Mr. Andrews, sighing like a happy boy.

"It's just jolly!" cried Joe. "I wish I could always sleep in a tent and have my meals out-doors. Aunt Nell, may I have another of these hot bacon sandwiches?"

The travelers were sitting under a big mulberry tree eating their breakfast. Ameen, at a wood fire near by, was frying bacon and tending the coffee pot. A lark, high in the sky overhead, was singing his morning song.

"This town of Nablous is most beautifully situated," said Mrs. Andrews, as she handed Joe the sandwich. "Such lovely groves and orchards all about the place. Look at that tall walnut tree. How shapely it is!"

"And such lovely flowers and birds!" Lucy cried. "I'm going down to the brook to get a bouquet of tulips and anemones this minute."

The little girl jumped up and went dancing away,

softly humming a Syrian lullaby. She had heard a woman singing it to her baby the evening before when she had passed a cottage down the road.

"The city of Samaria is only a few miles from here," said Mr. Andrews, studying a pocket map. "And many of the streams in this part of the country flow into the River Jordan."

"Here comes Lucy already," said her aunt. "Her hands are full of flowers."

"Folks, folks!" cried the little girl as she came hurrying up. "Come with me, quick. You know the cottage down the road—well," she stopped to get her breath. "There is a woman out in front of it kneeling on the ground and grinding wheat—I guess it is—between two big flat stones. I wanted to go close and watch the woman, but felt too bashful. Do come with me."

"Of course we will," said her uncle, jumping up. "Follow me," he cried, as with long bounds he ran down the road, the children in close pursuit, and Mrs. Andrews tripping merrily behind them.

As the visitors neared the cottage, the woman looked up and smiled pleasantly, then went on with her work. She was dropping wheat through a hole in the top of one of the two stones Lucy had noticed. "Do you see how that stone is kept in place above the larger one?" Arthur asked his friends. "There's an iron pin sticking down through the hole and fixed tight in the middle of the lower stone."

"How fast the woman turns the wooden handle fastened to the side of the stone!" whispered Lucy. "Oh, I see! That makes the stone go round and grind the wheat."

"The wheat is coming out around the edges of the mill and falling on the cloth spread underneath," said Joe.

"And it's fine flour now," added Lucy.

"The humming of the mill is a pleasant sound. It is like that of an immense drove of bees." As Mrs. Andrews spoke she smiled at the worker, who smiled in return and said "Good morning" in Arabic.

"It's hard for our women—wheat grinding," Ameen told the travelers when they returned to the camp. "If their families are big they must spend several hours each day in the work. And after that comes the bread-making and baking, besides washing the clothes at some nearby brook, and many other tasks."

"I stayed all night in a little village last summer," said Arthur. "And in the morning I was waked up by such a humming! Nearly every woman in the place, I soon found, was busy grinding her wheat for the day's bread."

"Suppose we climb the hill behind us and get a view of the country around Nablous," proposed Mr. Andrews. "After that we will leave these outskirts and explore the town. Then we can come back to

camp for another night and leave early next morning for Nazareth."

Every one was pleased with the plan, and the party were soon climbing the hill.

"I'm *so* glad we saw Jacob's Well on our way here yesterday," Lucy told her brother.

"Though we found it isn't really a well, but a deep cistern in the solid rock," was the quick answer. "But I say, Lucy," Joe went on, "it is Jacob's Well, just the same, and Jesus went there and talked beside it with the woman of Samaria."

"Hurry up and see what I'm seeing," called Mr. Andrews, who had been the first to reach the top of the hill. "Right across from us is Mount Gerizim!"

"On that summit," Mr. Andrews told the children when they reached him, "Abraham prepared to sacrifice the life of his loved son, as a mark of his faith in his Father in Heaven. But God would not permit it."

"The Samaritans often go to the summit of Mount Gerizim to celebrate the Feast of the Passover in a temple there," said Ameen.

Then, as the travelers looked downward upon the beautiful country below them, Ameen bade them notice not only the rich gardens, but the many olive groves.

"Nablous, which is nearly as large as Jerusalem," he said, "contains many factories where soap is made out of olive oil. It sends large quantities of

the soap to other lands, and also the oil itself. You have probably noticed that the people all over Palestine use olive oil freely. They cook with it and even eat it in place of butter. The country folks also often burn it in their lamps."

"I think I will buy one of those odd little lamps when we visit the bazaars in the town," said Mrs. Andrews thoughtfully.

"Listen!" cried Lucy. She had caught the sound of birds singing in a tree below.

"Sh!" said Mr. Andrews in a low tone. "They must be nightingales. Those beautiful song birds belong rightfully in this lovely place."

CHAPTER XII

THE STORM

IN two hours more we shall reach Nazareth, but we must hurry," said Ameen, looking doubtfully at the sky.

"It is late in the season for a hard rain," he told Mr. Andrews, riding up beside him. "But sometimes there is a wild storm even as late as this."

"If it comes, can't we pitch our tents and be sheltered safely?" asked Mrs. Andrews.

"It would be much better for you, lady, to be in a house," Ameen answered. Mrs. Andrews looked so delicate, the dragoman had been on the watch to make everything easy for her since the party had set out.

In the meantime Arthur and the twins were talking together about the sights of Nablous which they had left early that morning.

"Uncle Ben told me that Herod the Great tried to make the place the most beautiful city of Palestine," said Lucy.

"Last evening I wished we could be invited up on top of one of those flat-roofed houses to watch

the sunset," said Joe regretfully. "I saw a good many boys and girls up there with their parents, and they looked jolly and happy."

"I'm glad we visited the big mosque that was once a Christian church," said Arthur.

"But I cared most to see the mosque that was also once a church, because it stands on the very spot where Joseph's brothers brought his coat to Jacob, so Ameen told me," said Lucy eagerly.

As she finished the sentence big drops of water fell on her nose. She looked up in surprise. At the same moment a storm of wind came sweeping about her from what seemed all directions at once.

"Lucy, you look like a balloon on horseback," Joe managed to call out before his voice was choked in a downpour of rain that came down in "bucketfuls" as he afterwards wrote to Carlos.

Then, from out of the blackness overhead, came long tearing sheets of lightning, which blinded the eyes of the travelers. At the same time loud peals of thunder rent the air. The horses plunged wildly ahead. The next moment Mrs. Andrews had landed in a ditch where she lay helpless in a muddy bed, soaked through by the torrent of rain falling about her.

"The home of a peasant is close by!" shouted Ameen, who had gone on ahead of the others. In fact, he had been anxiously on the lookout for shelter ever since he had discovered signs of the ap-

proaching storm. Now, discovering the plight of Mrs. Andrews, he came hurrying back.

With Ameen's help Mr. Andrews quickly rescued his wife from the ditch. "I'm not hurt a bit," she managed to reply to his anxious questioning. Afterwards, when safe in the house of the peasant, she said with a merry laugh, "That ditch was as soft to fall into as a feather bed."

At present, however, there was only one thought for all: to reach shelter as quickly as possible.

If the truth must be told, Lucy's teeth were still chattering with fright when she found herself with the rest of the party inside the little home of a Syrian farmer.

The man and his wife and little daughter had been watching them from a tiny window, and as they drew near he flung the door open to receive them.

"Welcome, welcome!" he cried hospitably in his native tongue.

"Welcome, welcome!" echoed his wife, as the travelers dismounted and hurried inside.

"Too bad!" the Syrian said, turning to Ameen, "but there is not room within for your animals."

As the dragoman tethered them close to the most sheltered wall of the house, the visitors inside were kept busy for a while wringing out what water they could from coats and skirts.

"I'm soaked through and through," Lucy told her aunt.

"But mud is worse than water," the little lady said gayly, scraping off big cakes from her shoulders.

In the meanwhile the peasant's wife had started a fire in the rude fireplace at the side of the one room in which the family ate, slept and sat.

Such an odd home it was, as the twins soon discovered. Not a chair, table, or bed to be seen! There were a few rush mats to be sure, and over at one side were some clay bins containing wheat and vegetables, dried fruit, and also some dishes for cooking.

"Where can the beds be?" Lucy wondered till she noticed a big recess in the wall in which she saw some mattresses and coverlets were piled. "Aha!" she thought. "I guess that when night comes the woman pulls those out on the floor."

The fire was blazing in the fireplace by this time, and the peasant's little black-eyed daughter motioned to Lucy and her aunt to come close to it to dry themselves. They were glad to do so, though the room was fast filling with smoke, as there was no chimney in the house.

By this time every one was coughing and the master of the little house hastened to open the door to let out the smoke, though gusts of wind drove the rain inside in big sheets and the thunder still rolled incessantly, sounding as if giants were shooting off their cannon, as Joe said.

Now, however, Lucy's fear had vanished, and she

was as interested as Joe and Arthur in what her eyes, blinded by the rain, had not noticed clearly at first: the peasant and his family shared their home with their donkey, their cow and two goats! The room where the family were entertaining their guests was reached by two or three steps leading up from a mud floor below. And in that narrow muddy space the animals had their only stable.

"Sociable, anyway!" Joe whispered to Arthur mischievously. "I could reach down from where I'm squatting on this mat and pull the donkey's tail."

In the meantime the peasant's wife had begun to bustle about to spread a lunch before her guests, because the native Syrians are very hospitable. She had fresh loaves of bread to offer them, besides delicious honey and dried figs, goats' milk, and buns rich in pounded nuts.

"A meal fit for a king!" said Mr. Andrews, when he had finished eating.

"And it tasted just as good as if we had had plates and napkins," seconded Joe, who had eaten four loaves of bread spread with honey.

"How does the woman make such good bread?" Mrs. Andrews asked Ameen. "I seen no oven in which to bake it."

"She probably does most of her baking outdoors," was the answer, "and in a very simple oven made by putting a large earthen jar on a flat slab of stone. A fire of twigs is lighted inside the jar

which has a hole in the top. When it is hot, the woman spreads flat cakes of dough around the sides. They are so thin that they bake quickly. In the towns, however," Ameen continued, "there are generally public ovens to which the women send their bread to be baked."

"The storm is over!" called Joe who had gone down to the door to look out. "The rain has stopped entirely now, and there's a rainbow. It's a beauty!"

Soon afterwards the travelers were once more on their way, Mr. Andrews regretting that he could not give his kind host a few coins in return for his hospitality. "But he would feel insulted at the offer of pay," Ameen had told him.

As the twins gave a parting look back towards the hut where they had been sheltered, they waved their hands to the peasant's little daughter who was watching them from the roof.

"On hot summer nights the family probably sleep up there," Ameen explained. "It is cooler and pleasanter than inside."

"And the air must be sweeter," said Lucy with a sniff of her dainty nose. "Donkeys and goats are all right in their place, but I wouldn't care to sleep with them."

As it was nearing nightfall and the way was rough and lonely, the party rode as rapidly as possible, and the children had no wish to lag behind. They had not forgotten the ride back to Jerusalem from

the Dead Sea when Ameen and their uncle seemed so anxious during the last hour of the journey.

"Travelers are not safe here in Palestine after dark when they are far from a settlement," Mr. Andrews had told the twins afterwards, "because robbers may be on the watch to surprise them in any wild spot."

"Please notice that high hill beyond us stretching up from the roadside," Ameen called out to the party, as he suddenly drew in his horse.

"What is it?" asked one after another, sure that the hill must be important or the dragoman would not have called their attention to it.

"The name of that hill is Kurn-el-Hatteen," Ameen answered. "It is the Mount of Beatitudes."

"Aunt Nell," said Lucy softly, riding up beside Mrs. Andrews, "can't you imagine Jesus standing up there teaching the people gathered around Him?"

"Yes, little niece, and saying 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' "

" 'And blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God,' " added Lucy. Then silently she rode on in the soft light of the late afternoon, while Ameen pointed to a plain stretching out below the Mount. It was the Plain of Esdraelon, often spoken of as the battlefield of Palestine."

"I well remember," said Mr. Andrews, "reading

of the terrible fight there between the Crusaders and the Saracens under the mighty Saladin. It was on a scorching day of mid-summer. Thousands of the brave Crusaders were killed in that battle. Many others died from thirst and the burning heat. But there were some among those driven up on the Mount, who escaped the fury of their enemies."

The whole sky was lighted with the beauty of the sunset when the tired horses bore the travelers up a narrow road to the rocky summit of a hill. Below them, in a hollow among other hills, nestled a small town, with gardens separated from each other by cactus hedges.

"It is Nazareth, which you have come far to see," said Ameen quietly.

"How beautiful it looks with its houses of white stone, its gardens and orchards," said Mrs. Andrews.

"I can see the steeple of a church, and the dome of a mosque—and—yes, the big buildings near together must be those of a convent," said Joe, looking closely.

"Let us hasten, as the light will soon fail," said Ameen, "and it will be easier to pitch camp before dark."

"I would like to have stayed on that hill all night, robbers or no robbers," Joe declared stoutly, as the travelers ate supper an hour afterwards around their camp fire.

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BELOW THEM LAY NAZARETH, WITH GARDENS SEPARATED BY CACTUS HEDGES

"I enjoy it right here," said Lucy contentedly, looking about the little grove in which Ameen had already set up the tents. "And I'm so tired I'll be asleep in ten minutes," she added, getting up and going to the tent which she shared with her aunt.

CHAPTER XIII

THE TOWN IN WHICH JESUS GREW TO MANHOOD

"WE'VE had the grandest time!" cried Joe, suddenly appearing out of nowhere, as Lucy told him.

"Uncle Ben is as fast a climber as Arthur and I," he went on. "In the steep places, you see, we had to get off our horses and walk beside them."

"Oh, but it was a lark!" said Arthur who had stolen up behind Joe. "I wish you and Lucy could have gone with us, Mrs. Andrews. You may never again have a chance to climb Mount Tabor."

"We have been so busy the past two days going about Nazareth, that I thought we had better have a little rest. But I'm glad you boys enjoyed it." Mrs. Andrews smiled contentedly.

"From the top we could look down on the Plain of Esdraelon," Joe said excitedly. "And we got a good view of Mount Carmel, and away off in the distance was Mount Hermon—that's where the Jordan has its source, you know, Lucy."

"And we caught sight of the Lake of Galilee," broke in Arthur.

"Oh-h!" said Lucy enviously.

"On the way up we saw a cave; a man with a long beard, dressed in a loose coarse robe, stood in the opening," Joe went on.

"Ameen told us he was possibly a hermit who lived in the cave and spent most of his time praying," Arthur added quickly. "At any rate, Ameen said there used to be hermits living in caves on Mount Tabor years ago."

"While we sat eating our lunch on the summit," Joe went on, "some pilgrims passed us."

"Mount Tabor has been held as a sacred place for ages," said Mrs. Andrews thoughtfully. "There were once many who believed it was the Mount of Transfiguration. But people to-day know better."

"What have you been doing while we were away?" Joe asked Lucy when he had finished relating his adventures.

"Writing to Daddie and Mummie, Joe. I've been having a wonderful time here in Palestine. Yet, once in a while I get just a little choky from missing them."

"Twin dear, I miss them too, though Uncle Ben and Aunt Nell are the *dearest* folks!" Joe's voice was unusually tender; and thirteen years old though he was, his eyes were a little blurry. "May I read the letter?" he asked.

"Of course, and perhaps you will add a post-

script." Tossing the letter into her brother's hands, Lucy ran off to talk with Arthur.

First of all, the little girl had written of how much she missed her dear parents. If only they were with her, she would be perfectly happy, though she wished Theresa were with her also to pick bouquets of the lovely wild flowers, to ride horseback beside her, and to walk along the very paths where their Elder Brother had walked long, long ago.

Then Lucy went on to describe the sights of Nazareth.

"It is a pretty town," she wrote. "Most of the houses are of stone and flat-roofed. The people are so handsome I like to look at them, and few of them are poor. I got acquainted with a Syrian girl a little younger than I, and we have taken several walks together. She knows a few English words, and I know a few Arabic words, so we have talked together mostly by signs and had lots of fun over it.

"We have met a good many tourists here in Nazareth and no wonder. Think of it, Daddie and Mummie! This is where Jesus must have spent most of His life! When I look up on the hillsides and see shepherds tending their goats and sheep, I picture the boy Jesus there in the long ago, tenderly caring for His flock.

"Then, when I walk along the streets, I seem to see Him again going on some errand for His mother —perhaps with a water jar on His shoulder, on the

way to Mary's Well. It is the very well, people say, where the mother of Jesus got the water for her household.

"Each evening of our stay here, I have gone down there to watch the women and children of the town fill their jars. They often stop to chat together and they are so pretty and good-natured, I don't like to hurry away. It is pleasant to think that Jesus, as He grew up, must have sat beside that well sometimes and talked kindly and helpfully to the people there.

"Yesterday morning I passed by a carpenter's shop. A man was working there, with his young son beside him. In just such a shop and in this very town, the boy Jesus must have worked with His father. Indeed, Ameen pointed out to us the spot where people say Joseph's shop actually stood. Of course, none to-day really know this, any more than they know that a certain cave we visited was once Mary's kitchen.

"There are some fine buildings in Nazareth. One of these is a Latin convent said to be the handsomest in Palestine, with an altar dedicated to the Angel Gabriel, and containing many pictures and tapestries showing scenes in Christ's life.

"I must tell you what happened to Arthur and Joe yesterday. They were walking past a Mohammedan school and they stopped to listen to the shout-

ing of the boys inside as they recited their lessons together.

"All at once the noise stopped. The school must have been dismissed just then, because the boys came pouring out into the street. Seeing Joe and Arthur and that they must be strangers and Christians, they began to throw stones at them.

"Well, you know how quick tempered Joe is. He picked up a stone to throw back, but Arthur was wise enough to tell him that would make things worse, and they'd only get into a fight with the little Mohammedans. So Joe dropped his stone, and he and Arthur ran off. When Joe got back to camp he was still angry and said he was ashamed of himself for running away.

" 'You did right, however,' Uncle Ben told him. 'It is best to have no quarrels with the people who rule over this country at present. But some day,' he went on, 'let us hope that the power here of the Turks will be no more.'

"How you dear folks would have liked to go with us on the ride we took yesterday afternoon. We went to the little village of Cana, just a short ways from Nazareth. It is now only a group of mud huts. No doubt it was much prettier at the time when Jesus attended the marriage feast there and turned the water into wine. I like to think so, anyway.

"Dear me! What a long letter I have written. It is already supper time. Then what fun we shall

have eating outdoors! Ameen is a fine cook and Uncle Ben says he is such a treasure in every way we shall hate to part with him. Altogether camp life is glorious, the 'best ever,' as Joe would say.

"With heaps and heaps of love and kisses,

"LUCY."

CHAPTER XIV

BESIDE THE SEA

"ARE you happy?"

Lucy's uncle and aunt had stolen up behind her as she sat close to the edge of the Sea of Galilee, idly watching some bare-legged children paddling in the water.

"Very, very happy! What a beautiful place this is! How blue the water is and how it sparkles in the sunlight! How soft and loving the sky looks! And the hills around the shores,—they seem to say, 'We shut out all trouble. Here is peace.'"

"I have long wished to look upon this Sea of Galilee." Mr. Andrew's kind face shone with happiness. "On this very shore Jesus called together His first disciples. On these waters before us He walked as if on land. In the sudden storm which filled His disciples' hearts with fear, He calmed the angry waves, and the boat was brought safely to land."

"Those very fishermen," said Mrs. Andrews, pointing to two men a little ways off from shore, "are no doubt casting their nets in the same way their ancestors did when Christ lived among them."

"We've been watching the fishermen," cried Joe, running up with Arthur close behind. "They sat in their boat, still as anything, till a shoal of fish drew near. Then out they flung their nets, the leaden weights making them sink; after that one of the men pulled a rope which brought the weights together, so the net closed like a prison about the fish. And then! The men began to pull, and up came the net just loaded. My, what sport!"

After watching the fishermen a while longer, the travelers walked back to camp.

"I'm glad Ameen pitched the tents outside the town," said Mrs. Andrews. "Tiberias is such a dirty place. It seems a shame that it should stand on the shore of such a beautiful lake."

"In the time of Jesus it was a much busier town than now," said Mr. Andrews. "Then, so I have read, the Sea of Galilee, or Sea of Tiberias as it is sometimes called, was thickly dotted with ships."

"Quite different from now-a-days," said Joe. "This morning Arthur and I could count only two sail-boats and three row-boats on the whole Sea."

"What a beautiful sail we had yesterday!" said Lucy. "I got a little scared though, when the skipper said it looked squally. I thought of the storm we were in after we left Nazareth. It would be dreadful to be out in a sail-boat in a storm like that. Arthur told me afterwards that people have lost their lives on the Sea of Galilee when only a

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"'THOSE VERY FISHERMEN ARE NO DOUBT CASTING THEIR NETS IN THE SAME WAY THEIR ANCESTORS DID'"

little ways from shore. The wind rises so suddenly and comes from so many directions at once, that a boat gets overturned before one can say Jack Robinson."

"A sudden squall on the Sea of Galilee must be dangerous. But—" Mr. Andrews smiled at his little niece—"we weren't out in one, my dear, and we certainly had a delightful sail."

"I should say!" cried Joe, jumping up and making an unexpected leap over Arthur's shoulders. "I didn't begin to feel as excited when I first looked on the Amazon, as I did yesterday when our boat reached the place where the Jordan enters the Sea of Galilee."

"If you had been in Jerusalem at Easter time, Joe," said Arthur, "you might have wished to join the crowd of pilgrims who left the city after the festival there was over, to go down to the Jordan to bathe. They set out, merry and jolly, on camels, on donkeys, on horses and mules; some even went on foot. Every one in Jerusalem turned out to see the procession start."

"Ameen told me that there are sometimes thousands of these pilgrims, men, women and children, all bound for the same place," said Joe. "He said that they camp out on the plain of Jericho, and just before daybreak, march down to the river in crowds, carrying torches. Then, as the sun rises, in they plunge."

"The current is so swift that some of them are swept away and drowned before they can be saved," Arthur went on. "It's an exciting time."

"I am glad to have seen the Jordan," said Mr. Andrews thoughtfully, "because to me it is the most sacred river in the world. Here, children, is a map of its windings. Let us look at it."

As Arthur and the twins gathered about Mr. Andrews, he pointed first of all to a spring marked Banias on the map.

"This spring flows from the base of Mount Hermon," Mr. Andrews explained. "It is a beautiful spot, so I have read, with its waters bursting up out of the soft green earth in several fountains.

"Not far from Banias are other springs whose waters also flow southward till they join together in a stream that soon rushes along in a mighty torrent, and is lost to sight in a thicket of papyrus canes.

"After a while the Jordan enters a hollow in the land, which is called Lake Huleh, ten miles above the Sea of Galilee."

"But it doesn't *finish* there where we saw it yesterday," said Lucy, looking closely at the map. "It seems odd to me that once a river has entered a sea or lake, why that isn't the end of it."

"I don't see why you should say so," said Joe quickly, "when it flows out again, as the Jordan

does in almost a flood, from the other side of the Sea."

"The Sea of Galilee is really nothing but the Jordan river filling up a big hollow in the land. The water then flows over the southern rim, which is lower than the northern end where it comes in, and goes merrily on its way," explained Mr. Andrews to the puzzled little girl. "After leaving the Sea, the river deepens till at last its bottom is far below the level of the ocean. At last, as it nears the Dead Sea, the shores are very beautiful. Tall reeds and groves of willows and poplars grow there, and it is there that the pilgrims come to bathe in its sacred waters."

"Supper must be near ready," said Joe, sniffing the air. "I smell mutton chops, and Ameen is calling to us to come."

"O dear!" said Lucy, making a long face. "How I shall hate to bid Ameen good-by. It won't be long now before he will be on his way back to Jerusalem with the horses and tents."

"And you, Arthur, will go with him," groaned Joe. "What a shame that you can't at least take a good-by sail with us to-morrow across the Sea of Galilee and see us on board our train for Damascus."

"It *is* a shame!" Arthur's face was long. The next moment it was brighter as he added, "But we've had jolly good times together, which we shall never forget.

CHAPTER XV

THE LAST RIDE IN PALESTINE

"I MISS Arthur dreadfully!" said Joe, with an unusual pucker in his mouth.

"And I too," said Lucy, settling herself dolefully back in the compartment seat.

"But you may see him again in a year or two in New York," said Mrs. Andrews consolingly. "In the meantime you can write to each other."

"I suppose he's gone quite a distance on his way to Jerusalem by now," Joe considered. "I'll never forget our first outing together when we passed through the Jaffa Gate of Jerusalem the Golden and watched the peddlers gathered there with their wares."

"Nor I," said Lucy quickly. "How good Arthur was in explaining everything to us—why walls had been built around the city in olden times to protect it from its enemies, and why soldiers stood on guard at the Church of the Nativity and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre."

Little did the twins or their uncle and aunt dream, as Lucy spoke, that in a few short years the brave

Englishman, General Allenby, would pass through the Jaffa Gate as conqueror of the country, and from that glad day the rule of the Turks in Palestine would be over. Little indeed!

"There is something to interest you," said Mr. Andrews, anxious to turn the twins' thoughts from their parting with Arthur. He pointed to a camp in the wild rough country through which they were traveling.

"A party of Bedouins with their camels are perhaps on their way to Damascus as well as ourselves," continued Mr. Andrews. "But we will certainly reach there first—" he laughed merrily—"as they don't seem in a hurry just now to get anywhere."

"The old man sitting in front of the big tent was probably the Sheikh," said Joe. "He looked very important."

"I shouldn't like to be passing their camp at night," declared Lucy, "because Arthur told me that parties of Bedouins often plunder travelers on lonely roads."

"And yet oddly enough, so Ameen says," Mr. Andrews said thoughtfully, "they are as hospitable as the farmer who sheltered us in the storm. Like him, they treat all guests royally, and would feel insulted at an offer to pay them for their hospitality, should we come to their tents for rest or shelter."

As the train moved on through the wilderness,

Mrs. Andrews spoke of the wonderful sights soon to be seen in Damascus.

"Though it is not, strictly speaking, in the Holy Land," she said slowly, "it will be interesting to us for many reasons. St. Paul was in Damascus and entered it by the Street called Straight, over which we may soon be walking ourselves."

"And then," cried Lucy earnestly, "it is the oldest city in the world, isn't it, Uncle Ben?"

"One of the oldest, at any rate, my dear. People say it was built even before the time of Abraham."

"Whew!" exclaimed Joe. "That is old enough to suit anybody."

Mr. Andrews smiled as we went on, "Of course you twins have heard of the famous Damascus blades for which the city was once noted?"

"Yes indeedy!" Joe answered promptly. "The sabres were of such fine steel that they would bend to the hilt without breaking."

"The bazaars of Damascus will be interesting," said Mrs. Andrews, "because of the rich silks and satins and delicate muslins we shall find there."

"And precious stones," added her husband, who had already decided to purchase handsome rings there for his wife and Lucy's mother.

"Rich candies and preserves too," put in Joe, who had been "reading up" Damascus in one of his uncle's books. "I shall certainly get some sweeties to take home to Mummie."

"Ameen has given me a letter of introduction to a rich cousin of his who lives in Damascus," said Mr. Andrews. "So we shall have a chance to see his home. It looks bare and gloomy, so Ameen said, when seen from the street, like many a house we've passed in Jerusalem. But within it is quite beautiful, with marble floors and lofty ceilings. It is built around a courtyard where fountains play all day, graceful trees give shade, and blossoming plants fill the air with perfume."

"Oh!" said Lucy with dreamy eyes. She always said "Oh!" when she saw or pictured to herself, a particularly lovely sight.

"While we have been talking," said Mr. Andrews, suddenly straightening himself up, "we must have come close to the border of the Holy Land. I wish the train could have passed through Dan."

"Why, Uncle?" Joe asked curiously.

"Why? Not because there is much to see in the little town, but because of the old saying, 'From Dan to Beersheba.' Being a Sunday School Superintendent"—Mr. Andrews's eyes twinkled much as Joe's were in the habit of doing—"I happen to know what the expression means. In our own country we sometimes say 'From Boston to San Francisco.' In other words——"

"I know! I know!" cried Lucy with dimpling cheeks. "We mean, from one end of the United States to the other. And so——"

"From Dan to Beersheba means from one end of the Holy Land to the other," broke in Joe, "because Dan is away up in the north, and Beersheba is away down near the southern border."

"Exactly. But now since you have traveled pretty much all the way from Dan to Beersheba, will you be ready for still more sight-seeing after a visit to Damascus?"

"Yes, yes!" chimed the twins.

"But where shall we go on leaving Damascus?" added Joe eagerly.

"To the Syrian port of Beirut, to board a steamer there, and then—" Mr. Andrews stopped short with a merry side-glance at his wife.

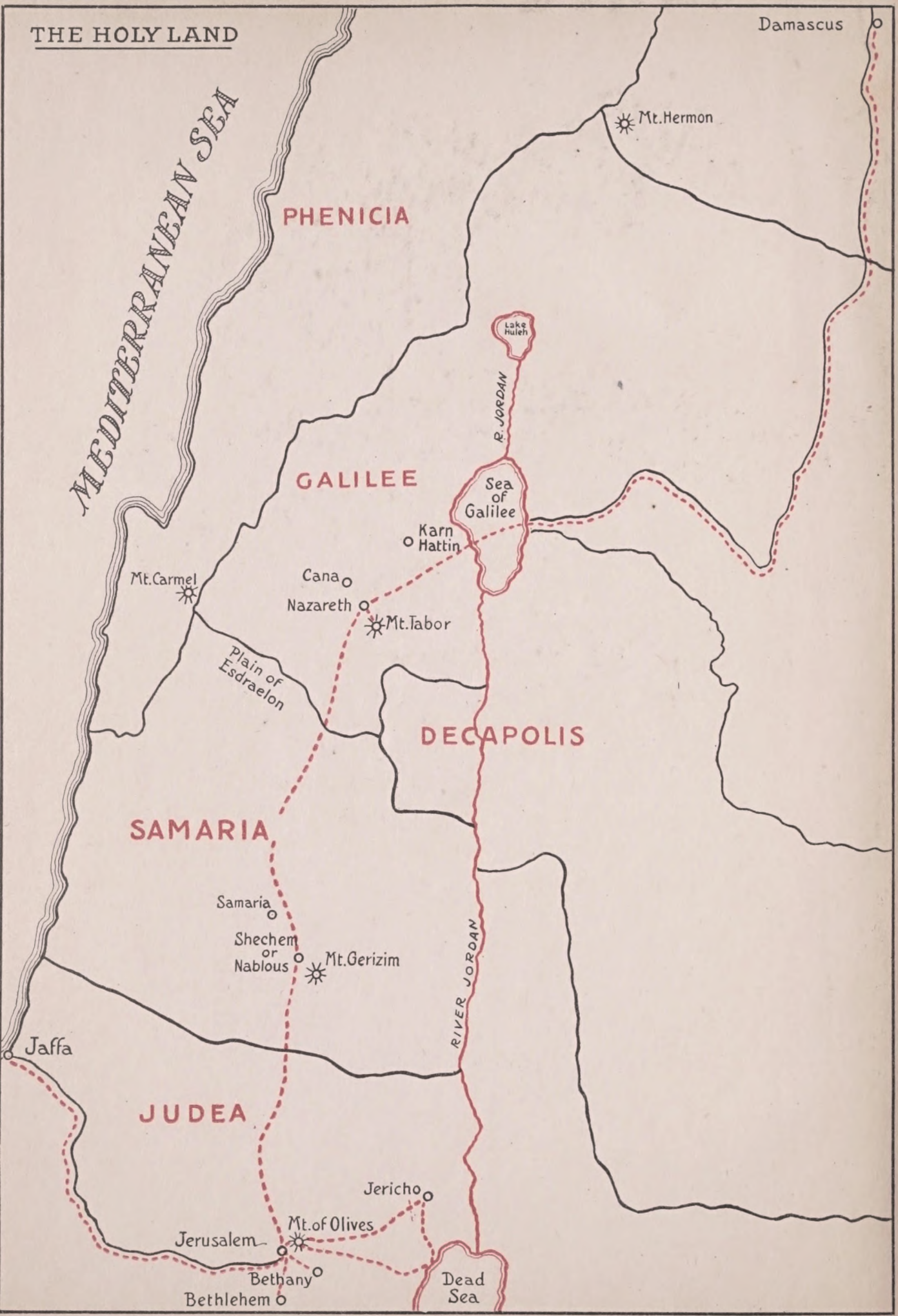
"And then?" echoed the twins.

"Then you both will feel like shouting 'hurrah!' when you learn what fresh experiences are in store for you."

There was silence for a moment and then Lucy said softly, "Uncle Ben!" and stopped short.

"What is it, my dear?"

"It's hard to say what I wish. But I feel this way: You and Aunt Nell are so kind you are sure to make Joe and me have a lovely time wherever we go. And yet—whatever adventures are ahead of us, I'm sure none can be quite as beautiful—certainly not in the same way—as the ones we have just had, because they have been in the homeland of our dear Savior, Jesus Christ."


THE HOLY LAND
Damascus
Mt. Hermon
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
PHENICIA
Lake Huleh
R. JORDAN
GALILEE
Sea of Galilee
Karn Hattin
Cana
Nazareth
Mt. Tabor
Mt. Carmel
Plain of Esdraelon
DECAPOLIS
SAMARIA
Samaria
Shechem or Nablous
Mt. Gerizim
RIVER JORDAN
Jaffa
JUDEA
Jericho
Mt. of Olives
Jerusalem
Bethany
Bethlehem
Dead Sea

THE TWINS, wide-awake American boy and girl of twelve years, made the most of their wealthy uncle and aunt's invitation to accompany them on a trip through the Holy Land. The journey proved a delight from beginning to end. Reaching this historic land by steamer through the blue Mediterranean, they landed at Jaffa, built on the foundations of the ancient city of Joppa, and then visited Jerusalem and its surrounding villages, rich in memories of Christ's days on earth and in busy, picturesque Eastern life of the present day.

A long horseback and camping trip then took them northward to beautiful Galilee through the Old Testament country, and they ended their explorations at Damascus, having seen the Holy Land almost "from Dan to Beersheba," which is another way of saying "from end to end."

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